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NEW STATESMAN

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Mr Begin's Revenge

The Palestine Liberation Organisation is in danger of becoming a politically rudderless gang of desperadoes. Unable to find a secure place in Arab politics, with its supporters put to the sword in Lebanon and (this month) stripped of citizenship rights in Egypt, it seems to be reverting to the crass terrorism of an earlier period. It strains the imagination to recall that only a short time ago Arafat was able to appear before the United Nations in what amounted to the trappings of a government in exile. The nightmare of Beirut and the footwork of President Sadat have considerably undermined him since then, and the latest atrocity seems part of that despair.

It was an atrocity in more than one way. Apart from the obvious horror of civilian casualties, it seems clear from all accounts that the raiding party regarded every Israeli citizen as a target. This idea, which types every human being in the state as a colonist and an invader, makes nonsense of the claims about 'democratic, secular Palestine', and of the propaganda which usually takes pains to separate the concept of a Jew from the figure of a Zionist. It has been noticeable that the Arab papers and governments which defend or justify the action comprise several who never bothered to make this distinction in the first place. The whole episode was hideous and shameful.

In a wider context, of course, it is potentially catastrophic as well. Mr Begin is never happier than when announcing that not one drop of Jewish blood can ever be shed with impunity. It comes to him as naturally as saying that not one inch of Israeli territory can ever be given up to accommodate its former inhabitants. He was about to be given a stern lecture on the unwisdom of the latter statement in Washington, but the Al Fatah outrage has enabled him to postpone that unsettling experience. It also makes it possible to brand any advocate of compromise on the West Bank as somehow 'soft on terrorism', and it can only undermine the admirable stand being taken inside the Israeli cabinet by Ezer Weizman.

The surrounding dangers are considerable. Not even the Jordanians will agree to be drawn into the orbit of Sadat's initiative. The word has gone out that it will founder and possibly take him with it. He himself has hinted that the two things may go together. That would add a new twist to the general instability, represented at its most extreme by the rearming of Syria on the one hand, and the establishment of phoney settlements in the Sinai on the other. The PLO do not seem smart enough to realise, as the Middle East shapes up for another war, that whoever wins it they will lose, as they have lost every time before.

The argument about Israel's security *vis-à-vis* Palestine is, of course, a circular one. The Begin leadership maintain simplistically that all the evidence militates against the possibility of co-existence and that even a mini-state will be a wedge of violence directed at the whole of their country. This line has the advantage of being easy to learn and repeat, and the additional merit of fitting in with the Biblical Zionist claim to Judea and Samaria anyway. The peace lobby in Israel has a far more difficult task, the task of arguing above the din of the latest atrocity. And arguing, furthermore, that conceived in the long term, Israel's security is in deadly danger if it does not make a deal with its neighbours and expiate the original sin of the expulsion of the Palestinians. But if any minister – even Ezer Weizman – tried to say half that in the present-right-wing cabinet, he would soon find he was cutting against the emotional and political grain.

It is probably going to be remembered as tragic that just when Egypt became ready to offer the hand of reconciliation, Israel chose a man like Begin to lead it. The coincidence is a very unhappy one, creating a situation in which Israel, by her massive raid into the Lebanon, is already running the risk of creating a greater Syria on her borders. The thud of bombs on refugee camps may seem a short-term answer to terrorism; but it is even less of a solution to the Palestinian dilemma than intransigence over territory.

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Spotlight on Politics

James Fenton

I am a Brownie

It was announced this week that, following dissatisfaction voiced by the major youth organisations, an All Party Youth Affairs Lobby has been established under the chairmanship of the Rt Hon Edward Heath MBE, MP. The aims and objectives of the lobby, according to the press hand-out, will be to

> (1) reduce the degree of over-lapping between government departments in youth affairs, which has to date militated against effective co-ordination of work in this area;
> (2) develop a coherent youth policy at both national and local levels;
> (3) scrutinise government and local authorities' policies affecting youth;
> (4) improve the channel of communication between young people and politicians thus enabling young people themselves to a voice which can be heard.

The lobby will initially concern itself with education, training and employment for 14- to 19-year olds, with young people and politics, and with the alienation of young blacks. (Quite why they want to go around alienating young blacks, who – heaven knows – have enough on their plates as it is, I'm not sure, but that's what the hand-out says.) 'In the first instance,' it has been announced, 'a high priority will be to initiate debate leading towards a national policy for youth.'

A national policy for youth! Those of us who remember Berlin in the Thirties will know what that kind of talk leads to, and since it is often said of us that we did not then speak out, or speak out loudly enough, the time has come for me to warn the nation.

Yes, I am a camera, a Brownie 127 to be precise, recording everything I see. *Click-click*. I am sitting in the Green Flamingo with my young friend, Solly Bowles. 'You know, Christoph,' he says, 'I've been thinking . . .' 'Why oh why do you insist on calling me Christoph?' I shriek hysterically. He gives me one of his boyish grins: 'I'm Solly – I'll read that again. You know, mein freund, mein liebe Fentchen, I have been thinking recently I must join this Heathler Youth I think they are right. It is time something was done to reduce the degree of overlapping between government departments in youth affairs, which has to date mitigated against effective co-ordination in this area. It is time . . .' My gaze travels from his boyish, enthusiastic face, across the smoke-filled room, to the table in the corner where the Heathler Jugend are sitting. Then my gaze travels back to his boyish, enthusiastic face.

'You mean – you're going to join *them?*' I explode hysterically. '*Them?*' I yell. Our gazes travel together hand-in-hand across the smoke-filled room. It is hard to tell the ages of the young men in the corner. Eighteen perhaps, perhaps less. Their short silver hair is deceptive, as are the vast red jowls that pour out over their grey suits. Their stomachs slump enormously on to their laps, but their backs are straight. When one of them turns to order a new round of double milks, the whole of his body must turn with him. The young men are engaged in animated conversation.

'Initially and in the first instance,' says one, 'a high priority must be to initiate something, ja?' 'Ja, ja.' 'We must initiate an initiative!' 'Ja.' 'We must, in the words of our great leader, Edolf Heathler, improve the channel of communication between young people and politicians thus enabling young people to a voice which can be heard! You hear me?' 'Ja!' 'Down with an incoherent youth policy at national and local levels! Up with the scrutinisation of government and local authorities' policies affecting youth.' Our gazes travel back across the room and come to rest, panting, on the table between us. I repeat my question. 'You mean, Solly, you are going to join *them?*' Without a word, my young friend gets up and walks away. From the table opposite, the sound of *Away in a Manger* rises in a terrifying crescendo.

Click-click. Six months have passed. Winter has turned to spring, spring to summer. The leaves have turned green. My landlady has turned nasty. Stepping down on to the platform, I scent at once the freshness of the mountain air, and gaze with disappointment at the figures waiting by the ticket barrier. A stern, silver-haired, heavy-jowled figure steps forward. 'Christoph, mein liebe freund.' 'There must be some mistake. My name's not Christoph.' The stern face breaks into a wolfish grin. 'I'm Solly.' He is carrying a book, *Sailing – the Joy of Mein Kampf*.

The tents are pitched on the side of the lake, where the enormous, nut-brown figures are disporting themselves in the sun, diving off the jetty, learning to tie knots, playing quoits, hoisting sails. A history lecture is taking place on a hill nearby, and from time to time the slogans can be heard across the field. 'Long live the principles of 1970-74. Long live the Barber Budgets. Long live the reckless printing of money in order to stoke inflation for our enemies.' It is the first time, after weeks of violence in the streets, that I have actually seen the Heathler Youth enjoying themselves. On an adjacent hill, the leader himself is conducting the Heathler Youth Orchestra in a performance of the Pastoral Symphony. When we reach the storm music, my friend becomes philosophical.

'You know, mein liebe Fentchen,' he says, absently tearing the wings off a grasshopper. 'I have come to understand everything so clearly. Before, I was confused. I thought that our leader had failed his country. I even thought that he was a stupid pompous old toad, and I think I may have said as much to you. But now I understand, I see that it is quite the other way around. Our leader did not fail his country. It was the country that failed the leader. They could not see the vision, the need for unity, the concept of one nation. They could not see that the major area of concern was the need for greater inter-departmental co-operation and resources on question affecting young people. Our leader was, quite simply, ahead of his time.

'Perhaps I should say,' he went on, 'in advance of his destiny. You know,' and here he chuckled gently to himself, 'I even welcomed the putsch of February 1974, and I laughed on the night of the Great Stab in the Back. I thought that our leader had gone into the wilderness. I even imagined that he would go off to Europe, or the United Nations, or some frightfully pompous-sounding and useless job . . . You know, I am not supposed to tell you our secrets – on pain of death! But you must see how things are developing, how we are moving towards our destiny even now. It may be tonight. It may be tomorrow . . . Heil Heathler!' As his eyes glazed over, I felt the hysteria mounting within me.

Click-click. A new frame. It is later at night, and we are standing by the jetty. The sky is full of stars, but there is no moon. It is impossible to make out the lineaments of the landscape. A slight wind is ruffling the lake, and the slapping of the waves against the jetty provides a pleasant background to the sound of carol-singing from the camp. Then there is a new noise in the distance – at first barely distinguishable, then clear. It is the muffled sound of an outboard motor, several motors. Then all is quiet again. But another new noise makes us start. It is the splashing of oars.

I am a camera, but I have forgotten my flashlight, and I cannot see what happens next. All I hear is the sound of people wading ashore, and an urgently whispered order which I cannot quite make out. Then, as the group of leatherclad storm-troopers bears down on the camp, a woman's voice barks out through a loud-hailer: 'Kill them all, all of them,' says the woman. 'They are vermin. They are corrupt. They must be exterminated, every one!' As the machine-guns blaze away in the darkness, I feel my hysteria suddenly subside.

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R. W. Johnson & D. B. Goldey

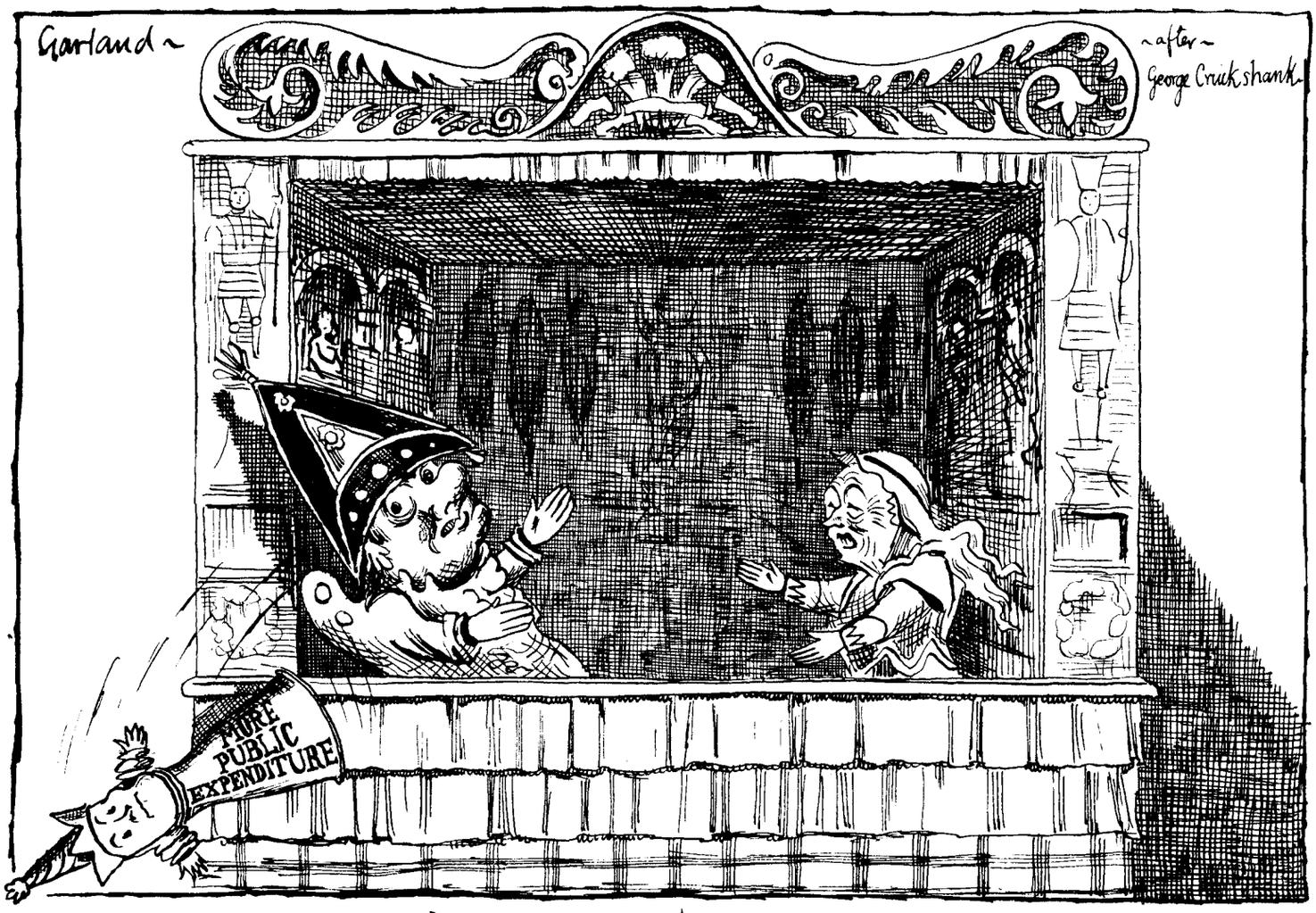
Close Encounters of the Third Kind

The results of the first round of the French elections have come as a huge and confusing anti-climax. Never has a campaign been more misleading. The terms of electoral debate were fixed by the Left, and indeed by the Communists (PCF): the minimum wage at 2,400 francs a month, increased pensions and social security benefits, more jobs, and sweeping nationalisations. For two tedious months the PCF hammered away at its version of the 'Common Programme', to which Socialist (PS) candidates bent; first, officially, on the minimum wage and then, informally, on nationalisations. Conservatives of all colours campaigned hard against the nationalisations, especially of the remaining private banks, where one's friendly local bank manager (who has to refer everything to Paris) would be replaced by a faceless functionary – who would have to refer everything to Paris. Even conservatives could not ignore the glaring inequalities of French society and the deeply felt desire for change. They thus fell increasingly into a defensive posture arguing that, while no doubt some of the Common Programme was desirable, much of it was unrealistic and thus dangerous.

The growing panic on the Right was encouraged by the new law which prohibits the publishing – though not the taking – of opinion polls during the last two weeks of an election. The last published polls had all given the Left 50 per cent or better, with 20-21 per cent for the PCF. Just before the ballot unpublished polls were widely rumoured to show the Left advancing towards 53-4 per cent, with the PCF perhaps at 22-3 per cent. Despite the fact that so much money had already left the country, the franc trembled again. The property market froze, the diamond market boomed and manufacturers refused to quote firm delivery prices for their goods until after 20 March. These routine signs of middle-class panic were greeted with anxiety by many left voters and with derision by left militants. At one meeting a conservative candidate demanded of her (largely Communist) audience: 'Where will you put your money when all the banks are nationalised?' '*En Suisse, en Suisse*' came the answer loud and clear. As the campaign closed, even the 'never say die' Chirac began speaking of the Gaullists (RPR) as a last redoubt in case of a left victory. Inexorable pressure thus mounted on President Giscard to intervene to try and slow the left landslide.

Presidential last words in legislative elections are nothing new in the Fifth Republic, though no one knows if they have any real effect. But hitherto presidents have intervened when their supporters were in a majority, and seemed likely to win anyhow. Much more was at stake for Giscard with a sweeping victory for the Left widely assumed to be imminent. If he spoke out, he risked offending the Left without being able to defeat it. If he remained silent and the Left swept the first ballot, he risked confirming his reputation for political incapacity with his supporters, who would then have to turn to Chirac. Given Chirac's desire to displace Giscard as President continued silence seemed doubly dangerous.

Giscard thus went on the air at 8 p.m. last Saturday. He gave a clever and effec-


Garland ~
~after~
George Cruikshank
MORE PUBLIC EXPENDITURE
JUDY: WHERE IS THE CHILD?
PUNCH: GONE - GONE TO SLEEP.
JUDY: WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH THE CHILD, I SAY?
PUNCH: GONE TO SLEEP, I SAY.
JUDY: WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH IT?
PUNCH: WHAT HAVE I DONE WITH IT?
JUDY: AY; DONE WITH IT! I HEARD IT CRYING JUST NOW. WHERE IS IT?
PUNCH: HOW SHOULD I KNOW?
JUDY: I HEARD YOU MAKE THE PRETTY DARLING CRY.
PUNCH: I DROPPED IT OUT AT WINDOW...

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tive speech designed to frighten wavering Centre voters away from the Socialists and – if possible – towards his own supporters in the UDF. This was shrewd, for a careful reading of the past public polls showed that an increasing number of voters were satisfied with their President, and with the slight improvement in the economy, and that, as the election drew near their desire for some change was surpassed only by their fear of too much. The PS had grown by taking relatively prosperous voters from the old Centre. These new recruits were by no means firm, and Giscard was desperately competing for their favour too. Of the four major parties, the Giscardians and Socialists were both twice as uncertain of their vote as the more structured, partisan PCF and RPR electorates.

In the event, the great fear on the Right had two consequences. First, there was a record turnout of voters as conservatives mobilised to dam the Socialist tide. Secondly, some floating Socialist voters switched back to the Giscardians. The result was that Socialist gains – the only gains on the Left – were more modest than anticipated. Moreover, the gap of only 4 (rather than 7) percentage points between the PS and the PCF meant that PS candidates had to have official PCF support to be elected in the run-off. That meant the PCF might finally succeed where its long campaign had failed: to bring Mitterrand to heel or risk defeat at the polls and a split in the PS ranks. His extensive electoral appeal had proved no substitute for the intensive support and effective organisation enjoyed by the Communists.

The same rule held on the Right. Giscard's friends in the UDF were almost neck and neck with the RPR – in votes. But in organisation they remained infinitely weaker, with a more heterogeneous following, and many fewer sitting members than the RPR in a country where constituency services rendered often count as much as party label. The RPR thus led the Conservative Alliance in 265 seats, the UDF in only 154. If Giscard's speech had any effect, the greatest profit went to his most dangerous competitor – Jacques Chirac. Whatever the outcome, the RPR will remain the dominant force on the Right. Giscard won his bet to Chirac's advantage, and to PS discomfort.

Whatever the polls might have implied, the PS did not leave the PCF standing. It needed, in fact, to bargain for PCF support. That mere fact by itself could cost the PS some votes on the second ballot. Marchais set out his terms in a press conference on which everything else had, perforce, to wait. They were what the PCF had demanded during the last week of the campaign, rather than its fuller demands of the previous four months. In return for an accord on the composition of a Left government with an agreed programme, the PCF would join its partners in standing down for the best placed candidate of the Left in every seat. As a general plan this had already been accepted by Mitterrand before the first ballot. Everything depended on whether the PCF wanted to detail or ignore its outstanding differences with the PS.

The day after the first round the leaders of the three left parties met to negotiate. After three hours they issued an anodine communiqué whose terms could have been agreed, had they so desired, four months before, when they last met. All were committed to the whole of the Common Programme – but whose version? Nationalisation of nine major groups was confirmed – without mention of which of their subsidiaries were also to fall under state control, the ostensible cause of the breakdown of the earlier negotiations. All parties would serve in the Government with equal responsibilities and 'without discrimination'. But on the matter of electoral withdrawals in favour of the best placed Left candidate in the run-off the agreement was exact and explicit.

The decision to stand down for each other puts the parties of the Left back into the business of winning elections. Holding 182 seats, the Left needs another 70 for a bare majority. They are within striking distance of victory in enough marginals to win. Their problem is to get out their own vote and transfer it intact to their partners, despite the recent bitter polemics; to win over 3 per cent of extreme left voters and some ecologists; and to attract back some of those wavering centrists who want social justice without tax increases. Mitterrand almost achieved it in 1974 and the desire for some change is now so deep-rooted in France that enough voters who deserted the PS on the first ballot may now swing Left. That could throw the present lot of rascals out, but limit the new team's capacity to enact radical reform – though not to fall out over that failure. Stranger things have happened. Isn't that, after all, what the sensible, phlegmatic, unideological British voter settled for in 1964?

Paris

Jonathan Dimbleby

Ethiopia: Inside the Horn

Unnoticed in the Red Sea, just off the port of Assab, there are two grain ships waiting to unload. Seven Russian freighters have just disgorged an armoury of tanks, missiles and machine guns and there is not yet space in the docks for grain. It will be many weeks before the food reaches its final destination deep in the interior of Ethiopia where the peasants know little of the Ogaden or Eritrea except that you are sent there to defend the Motherland.

Despite the carnage at the warfronts and the valiant attempts by the regime in Addis Ababa to murder an entire generation, the population of Ethiopia is still growing faster than its food production. There are wise men in Addis – Marxists among them – who know this and remember that the revolution was born out of hunger to bury hunger; who know that famine is still as grave a threat to Ethiopia as war. But such men keep their counsel, knowing that some of the political hooligans who now have power find it difficult to distinguish between an independent mind and a contrary opinion – which is a manifestation of counter-revolution: punishable, if they so choose, by sudden death.

Wise men live like zombies: get up, go to the office, read reports, take notes, attend meetings, say nothing, take no decision, call the political cadre in the office 'comrade', chant 'Revolutionary Motherland or Death' with fervour at the twice-weekly political indoctrination meeting, get home early, don't leave the house after dark, bolt the door, hope that the Red Terror doesn't decide that it is their turn tonight. Only in secret, with those they trust dare they speak their mind: that the revolution has been stolen by a vicious alliance of ignorant soldiers and corrupt intellectuals driven by lust for power and fear of death.

The regime's agents are chillingly courteous. The Mayor of Addis Ababa, for example, has gentle ways and enjoys civilised discussion, particularly about an issue of the moment like Red Terror. With the air of one who has managed to free himself entirely from doubt, he explains with great patience why it's necessary to shoot children through the back of the head and leave their bodies in the streets on public display.

This is not – you will understand – murder but class war. You see, the broad masses now realise – it has been carefully explained to them by the regime – who their enemies are and how to recognise them. Those, for instance, who attack the regime, especially those who insist that it is fascist, are extremely dangerous. Against them the broad masses may take revolutionary action. Thus Red Terror rises up to vanquish White Terror and – unfortunately – children must die in the streets.

But the wise men know better and are more candid. They tell you of murder squads hired by one elite to pick off rivals from another, of a vicious struggle among competing groups in a political vacuum where no one knows who has real power, but where White Terror can be blamed for every death. And they speak of arbitrary mass arrests, mass beatings and torture. Of sandbags hung on testicles, broken bottles in vaginas; eyes gouged out; arms, legs and stomachs dipped in boiling oil; fingernails removed one by one; children crippled or driven mad. And since the people who tell you this *believe* in revolution, it is said not smugly but with a horror that makes some of the proudest people on earth ashamed to be Ethiopian.

The Mayor does not speak of such things but describes an orderly world where counter-revolution is eliminated, where the misguided perceive the error of their past ways, and where the broad masses will continue the struggle for the revolution. He appreciates that the bourgeois mind takes time to adjust to the class war and would ask only that you look with sympathy on the 'objective reality' of Ethiopia, realising that there must be much more bloodshed in

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the country before the nation is purged of those 'anti-people elements' who would destroy the revolution.

Although an attempt to unravel the international rivalries entwined around the Horn of Africa is much like playing Diplomacy in a slaughter-house, you do have a point of departure: the revolution. It was, after all, the revolution in Ethiopia which led to the upheaval in the Horn, that has been now defined by President Carter as a threat to world peace. And it is to the confusion of Ethiopia that most important questions about the future of the Horn are obliged to return.

It is now the common wisdom in the West – news bulletins, editorials and the State Department are at one – that the Americans are greatly alarmed by the Soviet and Cuban presence in Ethiopia. And it may be so. Yet the common wisdom has a very short memory and a marked reluctance to put two and two together. It forgets, for instance, that less than a year ago the Americans 'surrendered' Ethiopia to the Russians without a skirmish at a moment when the lowliest filing clerk in the Pentagon could have predicted the consequences which now apparently so profoundly alarm the White House.

Last spring the Ethiopians were hard-pressed, approaching defeat in Eritrea, menaced in the Ogaden along a front they couldn't hold, and fighting insurgency elsewhere in the country. The Cubans had paid a visit, the Russians had signalled their support – and the Americans chose that moment to announce that United States would supply no more arms to the beleagured regime in Addis Ababa. It was an open, if tacit, invitation to the Soviet Union. The departure of the Americans from one door all but entailed the arrival of the Russians through another.

There was, of course, much huffing and puffing about human rights, though Cyrus Vance had already made it clear that the Americans would balance moral concerns against security interests in foreign policy. And if it was high principle which dictated the arms cut-off, why is the White House *now* so conspicuously silent about a scale of atrocities in Ethiopia which dwarfs the violation of human rights that is supposed to have prompted the American withdrawal? And why does the United States so gallantly forbear to observe that it is those champions of progress, the Russians, who are propping up the murderers in Addis? And why have American diplomats in Addis been quietly telling Mengistu (so it is reliably reported) that the door to the military tuckshop in Washington is no longer bolted but ajar, and is stuffed with a tempting range of goodies for sale?

It is at least plausible to suppose that, so far from being alarmed by the Russians and Cubans, the United States is greatly relieved at their presence in Ethiopia. Imagine what the President has been spared already: an arms build-up; a confrontation by proxy with the Russians in the Ogaden; a decision about what to do in Eritrea – a mini-Vietnam in the making, except the 'enemy' is supported by your ally, the Saudis; a close alliance with an unstable and vicious regime which makes a mockery of the principles upon which you rode to power; a nation threatening always to destroy itself by internecine strife; and a public opinion back home that would hate it all.

The Horn of Africa is not yet stable but the Cubans and Russians are doing for Ethiopia what Andy Young has acknowledged they did for Angola. And what have the Americans lost? Or rather, which is the same question put another way, what have the Russians gained?

The super-powers read the same tea leaves but differently. Out of the confusion, the Russians doubtless expect the emergence of a new – if brutal – order, an ally in Africa, a Red Sea base, a guiding hand in a strategic state, influence at the seat of the OAU. But the Soviet spearhead is not yet into place. The Americans see a DIRG which is divided, volatile and uncertain; welcoming mild overtures from Washington, speaking much of non-alignment. Nor can a counter-coup be ruled out yet. And the people, colonised only once briefly by white men, are not the sort to relish the new imperialism. A naval base? The prospect is as certain as human life in Ethiopia. At the best the Americans may hope for another Egypt in Ethiopia, at worst for a Yugoslavia in the Horn of Africa. In either case, no cause for alarm, no likelihood of tragedy for players of the super-power game.

The tragedy is for the Ethiopians. Until four years ago they endured the tyranny of Haile Selassie and neither the Americans nor the Russians murmured because the balance of power was intact. Then in upheaval they found hope, even creating a framework for revolution and democracy. And then a regime which uses Red Terror against the innocent in the name of progress ripped the revolution away from its roots. And now the Americans and Russians trample across the strategic map of the Horn of Africa distributing guns here and half-truths there, pretending to blame each other for the misery but ignoring the victims – who are always the people.

Tom McFee

Ulster Through a Lens

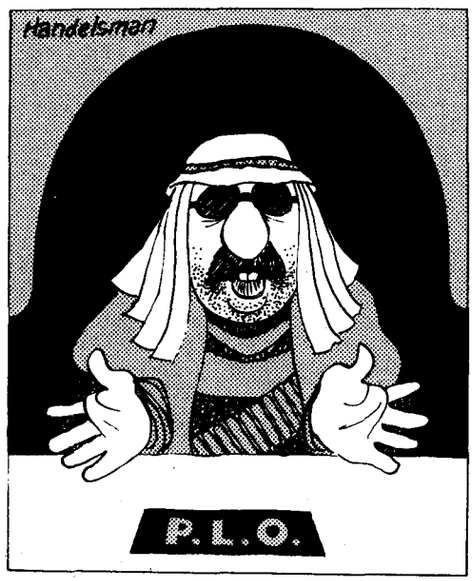
Last week an audience at a BBC programme called *You, The Jury* voted decisively for the motion that 'the British people have not been told the truth about Northern Ireland'. Yet during the programme there was general agreement that there was no conspiracy between government and editors, army and journalists, police and broadcasters. So how does it happen? Do British people simply see Ireland, as one speaker claimed, through a different lens? Or are there more mundane pressures at work on the British media?

Take last Monday's *Guardian*, where Polly Toynbee wrote a moving description of the funeral in Scotland of a 20-year-old soldier, who a few days earlier had been shot dead in Belfast. Shortly before the funeral, six of his mates – who had come over from Belfast the day before – spoke to her in the canteen of the army headquarters in Edinburgh. Presumably as a result of emotion over the death of their friend, and relief at not being in claustrophobic barracks in Belfast, they spoke freely:

> We went out that night and got us a few of those murderers. We lifted a lot of them. We knocked some of them about. Sometimes we get one against a wall . . . as likely as not they'll take a swing at you, then you've got him.

They were a revealing few lines, buried in the middle of a long feature generally sympathetic to the soldiers. Anyone who lives in Belfast – British or Irish, Catholic or Protestant – knows that these soldiers' words ring totally true. British soldiers angry at the deaths of their colleagues *do* beat up Catholic civilians. The ordinary youth or young man who has grown up in the Turf Lodge, say, has grown up to hate the British army. It is a fact of life about Northern Ireland; and not knowing it, or preferring not to know about it, does no one in Northern Ireland any good.

But suppose the *This Week* programme on Thames Television wanted to make a film about allegations that soldiers were beating up civilians. The soldiers would face severe military retribution if they repeated the words in front of TV cameras: so the TV team would have to rely on eye-witnesses' descriptions, perhaps including medical evidence from doctors, or from priests, and so on. But it would not simply be a matter of making the programme and then transmitting it. Before they could transmit it, they would *have* to give a full transcript of the programme to the IBA; and they would *have* to send it to Ulster



'If only we had as much influence with Sadat as we have with Begin!'

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Television at least 24 hours before it was due to go out, to get their approval for screening in Northern Ireland. (Both are restrictions that do not apply to other ITV network programmes like *World in Action* and *Weekend World*.) An indignant Roy Mason would undoubtedly be on the phone to Lady Plowden, the chairman of the IBA, to try to get the programme banned. If it finally did go out, it would instantly be dismissed by a Northern Ireland Office spokesman as IRA propaganda.

Next time *This Week* wanted to make a programme about Northern Ireland, the Thames and IBA bosses might be just a little reluctant to let the same team handle it. After all, hadn't senior government civil servants told them privately how unreliable the reporter and researcher on that programme were? That they had been duped by IRA propaganda? That they were hung up or obsessed by Northern Ireland? That such irresponsibility costs lives in Ulster?

It so happens that *This Week* is one of the few outlets in British radio, TV, and newspapers which still tries to delve beneath superficiality in its reporting of Northern Ireland. That sometimes involves implicit criticism of British government policy; and that, in the present climate, is not on. So every obstacle is put in its way. Confidential appeals are made over the programme-makers' heads to their bosses on Thames and the IBA. The usual reporter and researcher on Ulster for *This Week* know Northern Ireland well, and it is hard to imagine that Lady Plowden knows a tenth as much about it as them. But can anyone blame her if she is told by a government minister that programmes for which she is ultimately responsible, are costing innocent lives – and if she believes there may be something to it? Yet would she dare to intervene in any other sphere where experienced journalists had put together a programme?

Anything critical of Roy Mason personally, or of the government, police or army in Northern Ireland, it seems, is construed as detrimental to Northern Ireland; and, Roy Mason's current policy seems to be, it must be stamped upon, hard, from above. Before Christmas the BBC TV *Tonight* programme put out a well-informed, if rather innocuous, film about Irish Republicanism. Last week the reporter and producer involved were given a long grilling by RUC detectives about their sources etc.

The serious question is whether the people ultimately responsible for *This Week* or *Tonight* may not be just a shade more reluctant to give full backing to their programme makers next time something controversial arises in Northern Ireland. There is a grave tendency in the British media, currently aided and abetted more than ever by Roy Mason and his officials, to sweep Northern Ireland under the carpet; to pretend it isn't there, to go along with the official line, take the easy way out. But it is a tendency which will rebound on Britain. As the *You, The Jury* audience seemed to appreciate, we can forget conspiratorial theories about government/editor deals. But when can we see a true and free discussion about what Polly Toynbee's soldiers had to say? As long as the British public is not told the full truth about Northern Ireland, its problems will never be resolved.

Patrick Wintour

The Battle for the AUEW

The Amalgamated Union of Engineering Workers has always acted as the debating society of the trade unions. Organised factions, perennial elections, debate or 'aggro', as presidential candidate Terry Duffy describes it, characterise the union. One reason is that officials, often quietly appointed in other unions, are not only elected in the AUEW; they face re-election after three years and then again every five years. This system forms part of a series of checks and balances that operate across the 52-strong policy-making national committee and the seven-man executive. Together they make it unclear quite how much power Hugh Scanlon, the retiring president, has actually had the last ten years. The union that led the deregistration campaign against the Industrial Relations Act and pushed the TUC towards obstructionism has more recently given the Right a slim majority on both the executive and the national committee.

One difficulty in testing the independence of the president is that Hugh Scanlon has become a willing captive of this majority. Thus when Scanlon cast his TUC delegation's vote for the 12-month rule against the then national committee's policy provoking Ron Halverston into a furious attack on Scanlon's reversion to the authoritarianism of his predecessor, Lord Carron, Scanlon merely rode the storm. He knew full well that the Right would back the fait accompli at a reconvened national committee meeting. Indeed he found enough internal support to go on to sink the firemen on the General Council, thereby turning the 12-month rule into a 24-month rule. It is said that his retreat from the Broad Left's camp is such that he is now an advocate of public expenditure cuts on the ground that manufacturing jobs and engineering subscriptions are squeezed by public sector expansion. Even with the encouragement of Moss Evans on Council, left-wing presidential candidate Bob Wright could, if successful, gradually extract a more radical national policy from his executive.

However, the issues that concern the electorate are deeper than a tabloid tussle between a moderate and a militant. Sadly, the union's own economy is in as bad a state as the nation's. The war chest has dwindled badly from its £17m. level of 1967; contribution arrears are so great as to suggest a substantial paper membership and even that membership is stagnating while most unions are showing a real growth. The TGWU, particularly, has been stealing members in the motor industry ever since its capture of the National Union of Vehicle Builders. Much of the craft labour – the tuner and the fitter – upon which the AUEW relied no longer exists.

More seriously the amalgamation of 1971 with the constructional engineers, the foundrymen and TASS has never been completed. Much of the election is being fought over what happens to this merger which was once seen as the engineers' salvation. Terry Duffy, a Catholic anti-communist wants by his own admission to 'get rid of TASS' (led by CP member Ken Gill), to fulfil the merger with the other two members of the amalgamation and eventually to join with Chapple's electricians, thus forging the largest and presumably most right-wing union in the country.

There is a rationale for such a merger – the electricians and the engineers have the same level of skill – but the move is being promoted so clumsily that the Left claim their opponents' real motive is to ostracise them. They add that it is the engineers and not the other three sections, that have twice rejected the full merger proposals by finding fault with TASS's democratic structure. TASS have undeniably accommodated many of these complaints such as the level of strike pay and their conference size but on one point, the election of officers, they have refused to comply. They agreed that all their future officers would be elected but would not alter the terms of contract of those presently employed. The engineering executive then concluded they were empowered under the 1964 Amalgamation Act to by-pass their own recalcitrant national committee and to ballot their members on the merger proposals. They say all four sections agreed at a special meeting to ballot without any further recourse to their respective policy conferences. At this point it becomes a matter of one word against the other. Ken Gill denies that his officials agreed to ignore their policy conference suggesting in effect the engineering executive are lying.

The Terry Duffy-wing of the engineers have nevertheless pressed on with an executive statement in the union journal saying they will proceed with the ballot but 'this, of course, would be on the basis that TASS could no longer be part of the amalgamation which would emerge'. In Bob Wright's view, 'the obstruction emanates solely from the organised Right in the engineering section and if it had not been for them we would have gone ahead with the amalgamation two years ago'. To justify his belief that the objections to TASS are 'artificially created arguments based on political prejudices' he points to the merger negotiations with Chapple and the provisionally agreed joint constitution. It eliminates the national committee, replacing it with a malleable 800-strong delegate conference held either every two or three years (though the Right earlier turned down a 150-strong conference as being susceptible to manipulation). Chapple also wants to remove power from the AUEW's district committee system, the bedrock of AUEW democracy. Duffy would be a willing partner; he too wants to reduce the number of elections, including those for the presidency.

At the moment the electoral prospects look promising for Wright. Though in the

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first ballot Duffy's 83,959 vote was 356 more than Wright's, in the play-off the whole Left have swung behind Wright. Moreover, in the 1975 battle between Wright and Duffy for the Midlands executive council seat, the press concentrated on the then pressing issue of the postal ballot which Duffy favoured. The relative capability of the two men was secondary. With the postal ballot issue dead, such comparisons have become more frequent. Bob Wright is far from a charismatic figure, indeed some say he is a little plodding; but it is Duffy who trips more often when he ventures into the spotlight. By the admission of Alec McGivan, the organiser of a recent Campaign for Labour Victory meeting, Duffy's speech attacking communism was 'rather off the cuff', 'a little bit muddled' and 'not 100 per cent coherent'.

Duffy's favourite saying is 'I come from the jungle' and it is there in the motor industry that his recent negotiating performances have raised eyebrows. At a special graph-strewn presentation Pat Lowry of British Leyland painfully explained five times over that the closure of the Speke factory was caused by the TR7's market share and not the strike – only for 'Tom Duff' to ask at the end whether if he got the lads back tomorrow the plant would be saved. Heads sunk in disbelief. At the helm when the toolmakers' strike brought Leyland to a halt, he did not contact their leader Roy Fraser until the morning of the dispute. Arguably his subsequent failure to gain the stewards' respect prolonged the strike. Fraser now says of Duffy, 'he gave the impression he was incompetent and had no grasp of what the dispute was about'.

Theories inevitably abound on how Terry Duffy won the Right's candidature. The group met three times in search of their man. The able Gavin Laird, fresh from his defeat of Jimmy Reid for the Scottish executive seat, demurred. John Boyd, the man who stood alone for some seconds applauding Jim Callaghan's speech at Congress and who had previously beaten Bob Wright for the general secretaryship, was mooted until the 12th hour. Either there was a tactical blunder from Boyd's side or the Right did not want him to stand, thus leaving the general secretaryship exposed. Terry Duffy is an assiduous organiser and that may have won him the day.

The next few years will be fraught for the trade unions (both Jim Prior and Denis Healey are intent on a permanent incomes policy). Terry Duffy would support wage restraint and might be able to police it through a merger with Chapple's union and the help of John Boyd, but Bob Wright says 'the amalgamation is a fact and cannot be undone without the agreement of all four sections'. He is also adamant that despite the disasters of 1974-75, 'free collective bargaining is necessary in a free capitalist society'. Judging by the results of polls for lesser positions in the union which accompanied the first round of the presidential ballot last autumn, there has been no rank and file swing away from the Right, so Wright's success so far has been a personal one. But whoever wins faces an almighty task in trying to get the debating society to move in unison.

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Tim Albert

Choking off Innovation

Her Majesty's Inspectors of Education have not as a group carved out for themselves a reputation for the enthusiastic and outspoken championing of unpopular causes. So those following the wrangling over the innovative Sutton Centre community school in Nottinghamshire ('How to Damn an Experiment', NS 6 January) were rather surprised last week when their preliminary report into the school was published. Following an unusually restrained introduction by Shirley Williams, it was peppered with such praise as 'excellent', 'particularly well managed', and (on the library) 'a model for schools generally'. Noting that 'with a few exceptions the pupils are pleased to belong to this school, enjoy working in it and behave accordingly,' it concluded firmly that 'the school has tried in every possible way to serve the community and win its interest and support. It deserves that support . . . from its community.'

In fact it had been the alliance of a small group of dissatisfied parents with local conservation forces within the community that had caused the report to be prepared in the first place. Flashpoint for the group of parents came with a lesson on swearing, and their complaints over this were augmented by a variety of others, such as the children couldn't take GCE O-levels (true, but with a reason), to the fact that a homosexual was being employed as caretaker (he was dismissed). Normally little would have come from them, but a few months previously the Tories had gained control of the county council, and the complaints bypassed the normal channels and sped straight to county hall, where the chief executive called for an investigation. The National Union of Teachers, understandably, insisted that any investigation of professional matters should be undertaken by professionals, and a team of high-ranking HMIs swiftly moved in.

What was really at issue, of course, was the experimental nature of the school: no uniform, no corporal punishment, no streaming, the division of the school day into just two periods and the curriculum into ten general areas, a regular system of log books to record the activity of each child (and his or her teacher). The HMIs judged it 'a notable experiment'. Their preliminary report shows that as a community the Sutton Centre works very well, with the vast majority of children unusually happy, successful, hard working and well behaved. But they did have some reservations in those areas that the 20th-century adult tends to value rather highly: one or two of the subject divisions, they said, were inappropriate; the higher status GCE Mode III examination could be introduced to supplement the CSE Mode III that each child in the centre takes; perhaps the teachers were working dangerously hard.

Despite these reservations the school and its supporters have clearly won the first battle. But the omens are not all good. Even the HMI report, with its assertion that the school has now reached a stage 'at which it needs to re-examine some aspects of curricular organisation and content and deployment of time' will be useful ammunition for those who want to start dismantling the Centre.

While the HMI report was being prepared a committee (chaired by a former coal board divisional chairman with the chairman of the school governors, a former district council chief executive, a canon and a professor of education as members) held a half-day hearing of the complaints into the school. This is due out at any time, but since it was set up by the Nottinghamshire Tories, it is not inconceivable that it won't be altogether unfavourable to their intentions. Furthermore Mrs Caroline Minkley, chairman of the county education committee, has welcomed the publication of the HMI report with a statement hinting at future changes: 'What I think will unite everybody who has the interests of Sutton Centre school at heart is the fact that the report points the way forward for a really promising future for which a new and even better era might be opening up.'

More dispiriting still is the fact that Stewart Wilson, headmaster and guiding light of the Sutton Centre, is leaving at the end of this term to take over a new community centre and school in his native Scotland. He was approached about the job several weeks before the trouble at Sutton blew up, and its attractions include the fact that he will be responsible for the whole complex and not just the educational component. But it has presented the Tory education committee with the gift of the key appointment – and within weeks it was announced that the head from another school in the county had been transferred to Sutton Centre, without advertisement, interviews, or consultation. Little is known about the new man, but an increasing number of Sutton Centre staff fear that they won't be allowed to keep things as they are.

Is it too outrageous to suppose that within three or four years' time the character of the school will have changed substantially? It may well still be what administrators are pleased to call a 'good school', but will it still be as exciting and as innovative, still as successful as an educational community? It would have been heartening to have been able to describe the Sutton Centre as a snowball gathering momentum for some long-overdue educational changes. It now looks as if it will turn out to be a little more than a flash in the pan; and perhaps it was naïve to have expected otherwise.

Roger Omond

South Africa's Press Under Siege

There's only one profession whose members can be happy about South Africa's newspaper industry these days: solicitors and barristers. Journalists face a political and economic siege – half-a-dozen of their colleagues detained and/or banned and a dozen just 'retrenched'. The accountants looking at the industry's profit and loss accounts aren't yet surveying high ledges to jump off, but neither are they whistling happily while they work. Editors wake with the gloomy feeling that they could be spending a major part of their day defending themselves against complaints to the Press Council. Telephonists brace themselves against abusive calls. And works foremen worry about computers while most circulation managers contemplate graph lines going down.

It has long been a cliché that editing a newspaper in South Africa is like walking blindfolded through a minefield. The political minefield is now made more dangerous by economic hand grenades. And only the lawyers lucky enough to be retained by a newspaper, poring over the Internal Security Act, the Official Secrets Act, the Defence Act and a couple of dozen others, know that their jobs are secure. True, their role is often not very constructive as they seem to spend much of their time saying 'no' to editors and pointing to the fine print of obscure paragraphs in loosely-defined legislation. The politicians who drafted the Bills have a cavalier way with the English (or Afrikaans) language and whenever they're stuck for a definition they get

Roger Woddis

Skipping Song

Sing a song of watchdogs
  Hoping for a fluke;
Twenty thousand policemen
  Hunting David Duke.
Katch a Klever Klansman,
  Wrap him in a sheet;
You'll find him in a public house
  Or posing in the street.

Nobody could trace him,
  Not for love or money;
Jardine called it farcical
  But no one found it funny.
Now that he's been cornered,
  We praise our smart police;
But most of all the wizard's wand
  Should go to Merlyn Rees.

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around it by inserting the phrase 'in the opinion of the Minister', thereby avoiding messy court cases. And in Cape Town's Houses of Parliament the *Engelse pers* is still trotted out as a regular scapegoat for South Africa's problems.

At least six journalists are still detained or banned, quite apart from Percy Qoboza, editor of the banned *World*, released last week. At least four journalists have fled the country. Even those detained are not free from money worries: last month a detained Durban journalist was fired while sitting in a prison cell: an application for re-employment would be considered 'on its merits' if and when he was released, said the benevolent editor who must be presumed to be under heavy pressure from the notoriously tight-fisted Argus Group management. Other papers have been more generous and have continued to pay their detained and banned staff. But economies are being made: the liberal South African Associated Newspapers last month disposed of 11 journalists on the *Rand Daily Mail*, including several with many years' service and regarded by their peers as more than competent. There is little the journalists can do: the Union of Black journalists was banned last 19 October and the professedly non-racial Southern African Society of Journalists lacks the legal muscle or the will-power to strike or even to protest too strongly. Yet a month after the redundancies South African Associated Newspapers came up with an increased net profit after tax.

No doubt the industry is in financial trouble. The Witwatersrand complex with a white population of 1.5 million (whites are the major buyers of newspapers) has no less than ten dailies and three Sundays. Only two are reckoned to be making money and South Africa does not have the type of management prepared to carry on indefinitely losing money. The papers survive because their controlling companies have one newspaper in their stable able to make money or because lucrative government contracts make jobbing printing profitable. The introduction of commercial television will siphon off £22m. in advertising this year, according to the authoritative *Financial Mail* and advertising is traditionally the main source of newspaper revenue. In addition the industry is changing, at vast expense, to the 'new technology'. But here unlike in Britain, the one union involved (the South African Typographical Union controls all composing and press room staff) has gone along with the change.

The industry is controlled by four giants: Argus and South African Associate Newspapers on the English side and Perskor and Nasionale Pers on the Afrikaans. There are three or four significant independent papers, including the pro-Nationalist *Citizen* which has just been bought from fertiliser millionaire Louis Luyt (now lighter of a few million, having discovered that establishing and running a newspaper can be a costly gamble). Luyt sold to the owners of the right-wing *To The Point* magazine whose mysterious foreign ownership apparently is prepared to sink vast sums into a risky venture for the sake of politics. The *Citizen* is a welcome addition to the pro-Nationalist ranks: the party has a professedly 'independent' paper which can be relied on to take what is euphemistically called a 'pro-South African' stance. That often means smearing your political opponents and most of the time means unquestioning obedience to Pretoria's whims and dicta. Although the party has tolerated, albeit barely, some loosening of the reins in recent years, it would be a foolish Afrikaans editor who stepped out of line: for one thing, the boards of Perskor and Nasionale Pers are heavy with cabinet ministers. For another, the papers see themselves as the propaganda wing of the party and a too-rebellious editor would soon find himself out on the street.

The English press (besides the *Citizen*) is 'agin the Government', although in varying degrees. SAAN papers tend to be forthright in their criticism; Argus papers voice their feelings in more muted tones. There are exceptions: the *Johannesburg Star* got taken to the Press Council and faced a police boycott on information after it drew attention to the wide powers of the Special Branch and uniformed police. Argus also published the *World* until its banning: it has now been replaced with the less political *Post* which concentrates more on the old formula of sport, crime and sex rather than Qoboza's moderately militant *World*.

It is rare that the English and Afrikaans wings of the industry unite on any issue. They did so early last year when the Government was threatening to introduce a Bill to discipline (as it was termed) the press. All newspapers were against the Bill and after protracted negotiations with the Government, the industry did what it was supposed to do: itself tightened the already existing code of conduct and introduced stiffer penalties for offenders. Since then there has been what seems to harassed editors to be a deliberate effort to report as many newspapers as possible to the Press Council: a time-consuming and expensive operation for the editors who must defend themselves even if the complaint is clearly groundless. The council, headed by a retired judge, has handed down some judgments which have amazed the industry – or at least those on the receiving end and their supporters. The Press Council complaints generally refer to 'unfair' reporting or 'misleading' headlines: what many of these boil down to is that the reader – cabinet minister or man-in-the-street – doesn't agree with the way sensitive issues are reported.

The Newspaper Bill, which the Government dropped after the industry so obligingly did the job for it, could still be reintroduced. But after the 19 October crackdown the Government tore up the rulebook anyway. An editor who felt he could run his newspaper by skilled judgment of what was permissible and what might be dangerous (and whether the risk of publishing was justifiable in the circumstances) now has one yardstick. Increasingly journalism in South Africa is becoming ever more cautious: just what the Government wants. With Donald Woods in exile, the *World* banned and half-a-dozen journalists in detention, this caution is perhaps predictable.

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Profile: Noël Annan

The Man of Natural Bonhomie

Consider the day. You rise early in your ornate house overlooking Regent's Park. You can write for an hour before the papers arrive, and then have breakfast with your wife, who is herself handsome, devoted, and rich. By 8.30 a.m. the discreet blue Mercedes is speeding you to Swiss Cottage for a morning swim. Not long past nine your chauffeur has delivered you back at the great institution over which you preside, walking past the waxen smile of Jeremy Bentham to begin another round of committees, internal and external. There is always the evening in store, perhaps the box at Covent Garden, with a supper party for friends in the interval. You change around at convenient opportunities, for the box is at an angle which is better for being seen than seeing.

It is a fulfilled life. Every minute is enjoyed; every minute is used. That is how it has always been for Noël Gilroy Annan. He was head boy of Stowe at the apogee of the Roxburgh years, took a good First, had a fascinating role in both war and peace in the German section of the War Office, and was firmly placed by Keynes on the road to academic laurels. There followed a much acclaimed first book, and he was Provost of King's before he was 40, a life peer before he was 50. Since then he has been the available man whose name leads all the rest when 'the Great and the Good' are coaxed on to committees. For he brings to them inexhaustible zest. He fizzes with good fellowship, and such men are rare. Now he waits to see what the fate of his last and biggest report – on the Future of Broadcasting – will be, and ponders a fresh change of direction for himself.

The zest has always been there. There never was a keener schoolboy, fellow Stoics recall. He was good at games but bookish too, not much given to casual brutalities. He was at ease with the masters, yet popular with the boys. Some of them still remember his performance as De Levis when the Stowe Players put on Galsworthy's *Loyalties* and the complexities of loyalty are central to an understanding of him still. He could have been the kind of golden youth 'eyes dreamily flashing' whose afterlife is no more than a long recessional. But he had good teachers – T. H. White, the historian McElwee, and, of course, Roxburgh.

Annan was an apt pupil. Those who see the bland manner, mark down the florid shirts and red braces, the un-Leavisite appearance, mistake their man. He works hard, and disguises it too well. The myth of the last favourite son of the old epicene King's fraternity cannot now be unravelled from the facts; they are too close-woven. Certainly some at King's thought him a Bloomsbury hangover from the Thirties. The critical acclaim given to his book on Leslie Stephen made them more suspicious still. This was scholarship lightly worn. Then, too soon, the mischance of a premature death made him Provost of King's. He loved being at the centre of affairs, had (and has) a deft touch as an administrator. But there was a price. Writing of Stephen's Cambridge he had been prescient about the don's temptations. 'Those with sociable instincts or a capacity for administration tire the sun with talking or submerge themselves in the turbulent waters of university business; and a few who possess a decent sense of their own limitations are repelled by the sight of books written by those who have yet to acquire it.' So no great series of books has flowed from his pen. Bloomsbury has been chronicled by others. His projected work on Kipling remains unwritten. The pellucid prose, its surface broken by clustered metaphors, has been kept for lesser works and *belles lettres*, but it has survived undimmed.

He wanted to be a reforming Provost at King's. Not everyone liked it, or his embrace of new disciples and newer universities. His schemes were blocked. The Provost did his stuff, bore the shafts of Dr Leavis with fortitude, and showed off the portraits in Hall to successive generations of undergraduates. But he was often seen departing on the London train. His wife (he had married Gabriele Ullstein in 1950) detested the Provost's role – it made her feel like a heraldic beast, she says. Ten years on Annan, now a life peer, moved to the wider world of University College.

There he has remained. There was talk that he would join the new Labour government. Had Crossman been Minister of Education he might have done. Although he had been an unpolitical undergraduate, never feeling the call of Spain or the allure of Moscow, he had more solid social democratic credentials by 1964 than most of the ennobled ministers of the white-hot years of Wilsonism. The call never came, but a robustly liberal social democrat he remains. His understanding of the political process, and how men yearn for its workings, dates back to his time in occupied Germany with

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the British Control Commission in 1945. He was the first British official to attempt to understand Adenauer, and the SPD leader Schumacher made an equally abiding impression. He retains now a passionate attachment to pluralist political institutions, and a detestation of those who would subvert them. Thus the trenchant tone of his letter to *The Times* on the North Western Polytechnic; 'a public scandal' – and his report on the wretched affairs of Essex University, on whose Academic Planning Board he had been a decade before. He produced a report which showed a paradigm of the weakly led democratic society, under threat from militants and staff fellow-travellers;

> Their aims are clear. On any issue and if there is none they will want to invent one, they wish to raise the temperature and create a situation in which the University authorities will be cornered and, so they hope, capitulate . . . the University authorities must regard them for what they are – wreckers.

When Reg Prentice was first under threat in Newham, and Roy Jenkins, Shirley Williams and Tom Jackson, unaware that they were to be betrayed by that muddled and foolish man, held a meeting at which the insults and the flour bombs flew fast, there sat at the back of the hall in silent support the urbane Provost of UCL.

There are no student riots at UCL, no need for riot shields and free fields of fire. He listens to both students and lecturers. Sometimes he entertains them in his curious little hospitality room across the hall from Jeremy Bentham, to cold meats and a salad which gains in the mixing. He listens at his faculty and council meetings. 'If there is a senior post to be considered', the young lecturers tell you, 'he gets the sense of the meeting, and somehow afterwards you find you get the man you wanted.' Students who go to Hanover Terrace to his 'tied house', and hear their genial host declaiming under the Tiepolo etchings about the bleak financial climate may blink, but his style wins them over. He takes pains. His two secretaries seem to answer each letter he receives by return, his replies drafted with exquisite courtesy.

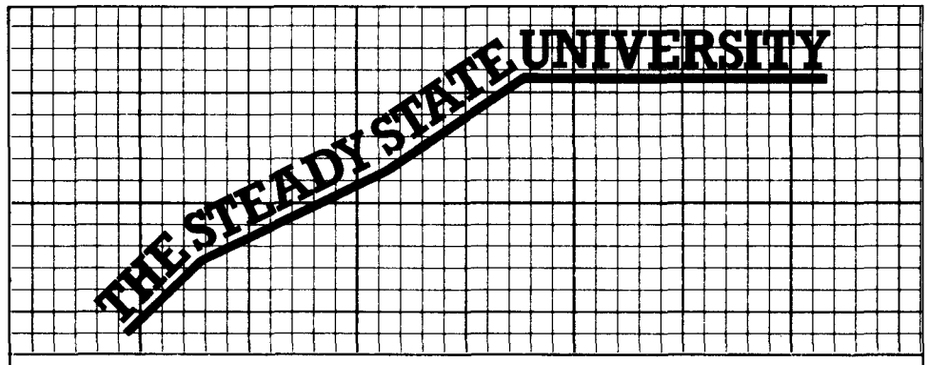
Such a man will be in demand as an Establishment firewatcher. He was on the long march to futility that was the Public Schools Commission, – unwilling, like the rest, to say either that nothing should be done or everything should be done. Undaunted by this fiasco he accepted an invitation by John Stonehouse, then the responsible Minister) proffered to inquire into the future of broadcasting. When the Tories won the 1970 election they sent Annan packing. They had no intention of seeing the introduction of commercial radio confused by the facts. Then in 1974 his old friend Roy Jenkins asked him to reconstitute the inquiry, and heaped 15 men upon it, to his initial despair. 'Every madman in London is on it' he is said to have cried, after vain resistance. Annan's committee therefore started with disadvantages – the breadth of its remit, the number of its members, and the fact that its very existence was a political issue.

Exactly a year after the Report was published the struggle over its recommendations is coming to a head, with the redrafting of the White Paper by a cabinet committee. That its central innovatory proposal was unanimous, and its guiding principle of regulated diversity so lucidly stated, is Annan's achievement. He kept the committee together by keeping his cool, only occasionally turning a (literally) deaf ear or exaggerated deference to the fretful. He hid his own hand for a long time, perhaps too long, thus cutting down the time available to consider how the committee, having persuaded itself, would persuade a public opinion mediated by the very institutions whose expansion was to be curtailed. Annan now regrets the lack of an economist on the committee, committed to make the proposal for an Open Broadcasting Authority work, but he was certainly not ambushed by the flak put up by the purveyors of a 'free' ITV-2, who from the day of publication were to include the Tory Party.

Noël Annan wrote every word in the name of the majority. His commitment to governance, accountability, and the independence of finance, and his dislike of intervening, interfering layers of bureaucracy, are writ large in the Report. Though in many ways a cautious, pragmatic document, the Annan Report is exuberantly written. Perhaps that made it seem more of an outsider's challenge to the great powers of broadcasting than it really was.

Annan found the sharper replies to the Report wounding. Like his one hero from the world outside King's (but not so far outside), Maurice Bowra, 'he wanted terrifyingly to be liked'. The words are Annan's but they fit him too, and Bowra had stayed snug at Wadham, while he was out in the world of affairs – which is a university of hard knocks. He has no malice, and finds it hard to comprehend in others. He believes in loyalty to friends (his one moment of real outrage on the committee was when one member leaked an early draft to the *Observer*, betraying a trust built up over three years). For a friend nothing is too much. He will leap overboard without the lifejacket of afterthought. Witness his panegyric of Arnold Goodman, introducing the latter's collected speeches: 'As he enters a party, like a great tanker edging towards her moorings, bonhomie, goodwill, warmth, friendliness, and even a touch of fantasy, radiate through the room. People perk up and look happier. He menaces no one . . .' Take out the metaphor (and sometimes, as his committee colleagues discovered, you do have to take out the metaphor) and that is a very good description of Lord Annan.

What will he do now? He can go on to be Vice-Chancellor of the University of London, perhaps, and sample a co-ordinating bureaucracy from the other side. An imaginative government might make him Minister for the Arts, but as the occupants of this post seem to have a minimum qualifying age of 65 he is a stripling yet. He would make a good ambassador in Bonn. His wife, and some of his friends, hope he will now hoard a little time to write the big book that is still in him. Whatever he does, he has been a fortunate man.



After more than a generation of rapid expansion, is higher education approaching a condition of steady state ? If it is, will universities and colleges stagnate or will they find new purpose and vitality without the goad of constant expansion of student numbers ? In a series of major articles *The THES* attempts to provide answers to these larger questions that lurk behind the present debate on student numbers in the 1980s and the 1990s. This week Sir Charles Carter discusses the prospects for universities. In later articles Dr. George Tolley will examine the implications for the polytechnics and other non-university colleges and Professor John Cadogan will discuss the consequences for research.

Also

A special 8-page report on higher education in the United States to coincide with the annual meeting of the American Association of Higher Education in Chicago this weekend.

THE TIMES
Higher Education
SUPPLEMENT
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GETTING AND SPENDING – 3

Mary Morgan

Rural Virtues

How green grows the farmer's pound, I wondered, driving through the legendary vales of Somerset to meet our farmer and his family? And would he bear out another legend, one of our own times – that of the complaining farmer, wretchedly at the mercy of weather, middle-men and bureaucrats, suspicious of outsiders, secretive about profits?

The first things I learned about Harry Preece is that he spends £200 a year on books, is bored by farming talk, doesn't give a damn about profits and does not get up until 8 o'clock in the morning. Harry and his three sons, Richard, Paul and Emlyn, whose respective ages are 26, 24 and 17, farm 220 acres. Most of these were bought by Harry's grandfather who left the iron mines of the Forest of Dean and crossed the Severn to become a farmer. Harry's father bought another 50 acres in 1934, for £500. Today those 50 acres alone would cost over £60,000. It is mixed farming, dairy and fatstock (they have 190 assorted cows), corn and fruit. The sons are self-employed, each with his own separate enterprise, pigs, sheep, poultry, but in return for their keep and a retainer, they also help their father.

The farmhouse is a 16-roomed, 17th-century grange standing among 25 acres of apple-trees. It is rather grand, the rooms full of splendid antique furniture, dressers, chesterfields, chests, picked up by the Preeces over the years in country sales at galling prices: for example, a fine grandfather clock ticking regularly for £5. Caroline Preece cleans all this herself, helped only four hours a week by a woman from the village.

In the child's story book farm-house kitchen, we sat drinking china tea from rose patterned cups. On the table a steak and kidney pie, measuring at least 18 inches across, was cooling, just baked in the wood burning stove. This and a solar heating system was installed last year at a cost of £1,500. Fuel (the sun and the wood are free) is £80 a year for coal. This is all personal expenditure.

Let me explain the budgetary complexities before you start brooding on that £4,600 gross earning figure. It is not factitious. A farmer runs a business: as such he is taxed according to Schedule D. The £19,000 is the farm turn-over. From this, many items are tax deductible: the sons' wages, national insurance contributions, money spent on machinery, drainage and other farm overheads, such as the farm electricity bill, £760. In addition there are quite generous tax allowances on costs of the telephone which was £200: water, £240: the car, £400. For instance Harry Preece pays only £52 a year for the car out of his own pocket.

On the other hand they pay much more for water than the ordinary house-holder because even the domestic water supply is metered and, unlike the ordinary gardener, they pay tax on all vegetables and fruit grown for themselves, every carrot, onion and lettuce, even the windfall apples. That net income is not a surplus figure, nor yet is it the net income of a person on PAYE. It also varies considerably from year to year. A couple of years ago the Preeces' turnover was £25,000; personal income £6,500. The weather is not always the reason for 'a bad year'. Last year, Harry Preece's low profit was his personal gesture of protest, of defiance, if you like.

The Preeces do not care for Whitehall, for the Ministry of Agriculture and the Department of Inland Revenue. They are sick of answering 360 questions every three months on their agricultural returns, of the boring monitoring of every penny for VAT and Income Tax. They are frustrated by the restrictions and irritated by the instructions of what and what not to do down on the farm. 'Whatever the Ministry advises, said Harry, 'I do the opposite. You'll find that the farmer who is always complaining is the farmer who lets in the men from the Ministry.' But most infuriating of all is the tax on the self-employed. 'The most unjust tax ever invented. Last year I deliberately held back on production because of that damned tax. I spent the money on the house and ourselves while I still had it.'

Farm Turn-over	£19,000
Gross Income	£4,626
Tax	£550
Nat Ins.	£138
Self-employed tax	£130
Net Income	£3,808
Rates	£120
Fuel	£80
Electricity	£680
Food	£1,050
Clothes	£350
Cleaner	£208
Car	£52
	£2,540
Leaves	£1,268

What did they spend it on? They eat, of course, like kings. Unfairly taxed or not, they have their own milk, eggs, vegetables and fruit. They kill a pig a year, put down two lambs and two hind-quarters of beef in the freezer. 'We try to get our own beef back from slaughter: the way most cattle are fed, and worse, dosed with hormones, doesn't bear thinking about.' Caroline grinds their own corn on a handmill for bread, though to her chagrin, the boys insist on sliced, white bread for their breakfast toast. She makes 60 lbs of strawberry, raspberry and blackcurrant jam a year, freezes fruit and vegetables. They buy £80 of groceries a month. At Christmas they buy a turkey and a Suffolk ham. £23 for both.

It is enviably independent; it is also high-class living. It may be the simple life but the Preeces like nothing but the best. They smoke expensive cigarettes and tobacco, 80 cigarettes a week – 60p for 20 for Caroline, two and a half ounces of tobacco for Harry – £384 a year. The soap in the bathroom is Roget and Gaillard, the towels, American – £100 last year. When they buy clothes they have no truck with chain stores. Last year Harry's new suit was custom made, £150, his two new shirts came from Jermyn Street, £35 (one was a Christmas present). Caroline bought her three new dresses in Liberty's. Between them they spent about £350 on clothes. Caroline spends nothing on cosmetics or hairdressers but her scent, Chanel.

The boys clothes? Paul whom the family tease as the big spender spent £200, Richard, who looks after his pennies, £20, Emlyn, £50. Nevertheless, Richard, got up for his thrice-weekly job as bouncer in a county town club, did not lack spruce. In the club, if things get ugly, the manager has a handy weapon to jolt sense into the tired and emotional client – an electrified umbrella. Richard does not wield it.

Richard goes to his club, the younger boys to the Young Farmers. The parents do little social gallivanting. Last year they had people for the week-end five times, no one to dinner. They have one week's holiday a year, always in East Anglia and three times a year they have a day's spending spree in London; an expensive lunch in Soho and a splurge in Jermyn Street and Hatchards. They are great readers. Besides the £200 a year on books, they spend a further £100 a year on magazines and newspapers: *Spectator, Private Eye, Radio Times, TV Times, Farmers Weekly,* the local paper, *Sunday Times* and *Observer, The Times,* daily. Dissatisfied they switch around the three quality papers.

About £150 a year is spent on drink, a couple of cases of good French wine they bring back from a vintner on the East Coast, six bottles each of whisky and gin, two dozen bottles of sherry. And, depending on the apple crop, they make from 70 to 100 gallons of cider ('Other people help us to drink that').

'It's a lovely life,' they say, though Caroline feels she'd like to shake the dust from her feet in January and February. They are devoted gardeners and experts on old fashioned roses. Is Harry Preece a representative farmer or an eccentric one? 'My father' he said 'used to live, breathe, dream farming. Books have made me look over the hedge. But I do feel times are against us – all this pressure on us to exploit the land, not as it should be, to keep it in good heart. I didn't want all my sons to go into farming and I worry whether they will survive.'

Just doom watch farmers' talk? If a report published last week by the Centre for Agricultural Strategy is right, the self-employed farmer like Harry Preece, could well become, in a very short time, just another legend. On current estimates, by the year 2000 the City will own over half our farmland. That lovely house could well be H.Q. Avalon Ltd. 'Where wealth accumulates and men decay.'

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London Diary

☐ The doctrine of Privilege arises, as I understand it, from a desire to preserve the dignity of Parliament. This week the Commons voted to refer two news stories that had appeared in the *Guardian* and the *Mail* to the Committee of Privileges on the ground that *prima facie* they constituted an affront to a Select Committee of the House. I have no desire to get into an argument in what has always been a particularly arcane area. I merely draw attention to an announcement that appeared not so long ago on *The Times*'s court page. This is how it opened:

RECEPTIONS
Mrs J. H. Cordle
The Speaker attended a reception given by Mr and Mrs John H. Cordle at 6 Vincent Square yesterday evening . . .

Unless Select Committee on the Conduct of Members are somehow quite different from those, say, on Race Relations, I would have thought the dignity of Parliament suffered far more from that paid announcement in *The Times* last month than from any news story that may have appeared in the *Mail* or the *Guardian* last week.

☐ Andrew Boyle's battle with the Inland Revenue over its insistence on taxing the £1,000 Whitbread prize he got for his biography of Brendan Bracken is still being waged. The whole question has been before a leading barrister, who encouragingly has recommended that the Revenue's claim should be resisted all the way. For it's not just a matter of a single prize or a single book: if the Revenue achieves its purpose, all literary prizes will be affected. Most are so small that the temptation for authors is simply to give in – lest they lose the lot (and more) in having costs given against them in any hearing before the Commissioners. That, no doubt, was what the Revenue was banking on and I'm delighted that they've miscalculated in the case of Andrew Boyle (who, incidentally, has had some useful support both from the Society of Authors and the National Book League). Meanwhile I have one political question to ask. When the first Booker prize was awarded to P. H. Newby in 1969, his local tax inspector tried on exactly the same trick. The inspector's designs were thwarted only by the matter being raised in the Commons – where, thanks to the efforts of Woodrow Wyatt and others, a Treasury answer was given that such prizes were non-taxable. Why is what was considered right then wrong now?

☐ It may not have been much of a blow for open government but at least the first photograph of a cabinet meeting in session marks the end of an ancient shibboleth – even if it did come about in a pretty odd way. Apparently a traditional cabinet *al fresco* photograph – all in chairs and facing the camera frontally – had been taken some 15 months ago; but by the time it was processed and everyone had swapped signatures it was discovered with some dismay that one of those photographed (Tony Crosland) was dead while another (Reg Prentice) had just joined the Tories. So there was nothing for it but to start all over again – this time, to reduce any risk, with the picture taken on a Thursday and then released embargoed to the press the following day. From the new type of picture you do not, of course, get the same 'watch the birdie' effect as from the old style photographs taken in the garden of Number Ten: but at least something is revealed about the essentially cumbersome nature of cabinet government. One look at that table with 26 people around it and I was amazed that any decisions get taken at all.

☐ I trotted round to the French embassy last Sunday night to watch the round one election results coming in but can't say I found any special illumination there – unless it was in the expressions (not all of them of relief) on the faces of the embassy staff. Otherwise it was oddly reminiscent of a similar occasion I once attended in the British embassy in Washington for our own 1966 election results. There, too, elaborate wall charts had been prepared covering every individual constituency – but no one, apart from the resident British press corps, paid any attention to them. Nor did most of the guests at the French embassy last Sunday night – preferring to gossip among themselves, breaking off only when the grander global 'projections' came across over the radio. After one of the earliest of these I overheard two bets being struck – one for a Government majority of ten, another for an Opposition victory by 15. I fear I toddled home little the wiser.

☐ James Margach, I'm told, was thinking of 'taking to the hills' once his book *Abuse of Power*, on prime ministers and the press, came out. I hope he didn't – or at least has not been *incommunicado* ever since. For not only has it received some remarkably good notices; it also, I was delighted to see, made the *Sunday Times* non-fiction best-seller list last weekend – no mean feat for a serious book about politics. I trust that hasn't distressed Jimmy's former colleagues in the lobby too much. None was more visibly upset than Sir Harry Boyne who wrote a most curious review of his old friend's book in the *Daily Telegraph*. So far as I could understand him, he seemed to be saying that the public had no 'absolute right to contemporaneous knowledge of what goes on inside a department or a cabinet' at all. What you might call the classic lobby doctrine – only bettered by Sir Harold Wilson when he once described the phrase 'on lobby terms' as 'an essential thread of precious metal in our parliamentary democracy'. Yes, *democracy* – that's what the old boy said.

☐ I can't remember when a visiting foreign statesman had the red carpet rolled out for him by Fleet Street in quite the way that President Tito had last weekend. Very different from all the froth and fuss there was when he initially came to Britain 25 years ago. At 85 Tito is certainly a remarkable figure; and Jim Callaghan may have said more than he knew when he remarked at the Downing Street lunch he gave for him that one reason why he was particularly welcome was that he 'enabled all of us to feel that we have recaptured our lost youth'. I can think, though, of one or two politicians who might not want to be reminded of what they said about him in their more hot-headed days. Take our old friend, Dr Charles Hill: I can still hear the flesh-creeping tones in which he denounced Nye Bevan during the 1951 election as 'the Tito of Tonypandy'. Would any politician in his right mind dream of saying that kind of thing today? When you're tempted to believe that nothing has changed in Britain in the past quarter of a century, it's the little things like that which can give you pause – and comfort.

☐ What security classification would you give yourself as a reader of the NS? I ask because I've just had smuggled out to me from Washington a most puzzling document. Headed 'Daily Report – Western Europe', it comes complete with an 'annex' plainly and firmly marked 'For Official Use Only' (indeed, it says so twice, each time in block capitals). Maybe I shouldn't even be mentioning it but I can't resist doing so as the classified 'annex' consists simply of one article from the NEW STATESMAN (Alexander Cockburn's piece, 'Is Carter Accident-Prone?' from last January) and one article from the *Economist* ('Carter's Nine-day Wonder'). Those into whose hands the whole document falls are advised to 'detach these pages' before treating the rest of the material as 'unclassified and unrestricted'. I hope you're reading this week's issue 'behind closed doors'.

Crucifer

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ Wetherby and District Chamber of Trade and Commerce is making what seems to be a lone stand against the introduction of a new Bank Holiday this year on 1 May. Many members regard Westminster's choice of date for the holiday as 'repugnant' because of its 'Communist undertones.' The Chamber is urging its members to disregard the public holiday and remain open and decide on an alternative date to close, such as the Queen's official birthday. – *Wetherby News* (Jean Gunnell)

☐ In his funeral address at Otley United Reformed Church, where Mr Sutcliffe worshipped, the Rev. Geoffrey Tillison said: 'Herbert knew his job. He brought the same high standards to his worship as he took with him to the field of play. When God says out,' the minister continued, 'the question posed of each one of us is – how did you carry your bat?' – *Yorkshire Post* (P. O. R. Smiley)

☐ A recent experiment in Nottingham to persuade car owners to leave their cars outside the city and travel by car – 'park and ride' – was described as a total failure. Although traffic lights were geared to hold up motorists anything up to 20 minutes, to get them to use nearby car parks and travel in buses in bus-only lanes – the majority of motorists simply got out their morning paper and read until the lights changed. – *Daily Telegraph* (G. M. Moger)

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University Forum

Michael Sheriden*

Too Good to be True

On a quiet Monday night, the story must have been a gift. It had sex, violence and royalty all rolled into one, and was a perfect foil to the pathos of Roddy's tummy-ache. Captain Mark Phillips's nearest and dearest had consented to grace the Cambridge Union's charity debate with her presence, only to be met by screaming hordes of rabid 'sex-lib demonstrators', as the *Express* called them, intent on trampling the royal visitor underfoot.

The demonstration had been organised by Cambridge Women's Liberation to protest against the motion under debate – that 'a woman's place is in the harem'. About a hundred people crowded the entrance to the Union, with banners and placards urging people to stay away. After being suitably wined and dined in Jesus College, Anne arrived in the royal limousine, to face the protest. Twenty demonstrators at the front of the crowd sat down, whilst the rest clustered around the entrance. Then, as three policemen pushed the protesters aside, there was a good deal of jostling and shoving, not least from the photographers, desperately fighting for a picture to make the front pages. The whole incident was over in less than five minutes. There were no arrests, and no one was taken to hospital.

By the time the Princess had entered the debating chamber, the telephone wires to Fleet Street were buzzing and the tabloids had found their story. The *Mirror* chose to lead with it in all editions – and with a headline like 'Anne in Mob Fury' they could hardly go wrong. The story which appeared under Peter Kane's byline had Anne 'trapped by screaming demonstrators who tried to kick and punch her' until the police began 'throwing them out of the way two at a time'. David Thurlow in the *Express* preferred to concentrate on the lady herself, 'pale and shocked' after 'running the gauntlet'. 'Her smile vanished as she heard the chanting', wrote Thurlow. Neither journalist was actually present to witness these horrendous scenes. The *Express* and the *Mirror* had both received their stories from a local freelance who had telephoned their copy desks at about nine o'clock. The *Telegraph* reported that one demonstrator – the archetypal 'long-haired youth' of course – deliberately pushed her with his shoulder and only the *Mail* gave an account of the debate, presumably because their reporter Nigel Nelson spent most of his time amid the witty repartee inside. Nelson, however, was the one writer who told his readers that Anne had 'faced a barrage of risqué jokes and sexual innuendo' from the clean-cut audience.

On Tuesday morning, the *Express*, *Sun*, *Mail* and *Mirror* had decided that some more mileage could be got out of the story, and so found Andrew Mitchell, the Union President and Tory MP's son who could hardly believe his good luck in getting on to so many front pages. First, however, Mitchell decided to ensure that his local coverage was being looked after. He and his girlfriend Belinda Giles, rolled up at the offices of the *Cambridge Evening News* and having swept past the reception appeared in the photographic department demanding to see the pictures from the previous night. The *News* staff were understandably surprised at this intrusion, even more so when Miss Giles began rummaging around the desks and, finding the prints trilled 'Here they are!' at which point an exasperated staff helped the glittering pair off the premises. When the *News* appeared, it quoted the Cambridge Student's Union – a separate body from the Union debating society – which condemned the protesters out of hand. This incensed the publicity-conscious Mitchell no end. He telephoned the paper's university correspondent Michael Deaves, who had written the piece. 'What's all this crap on the front page?' he stormed, 'it's nothing to do with the student's union – you should have come to me!' Deaves put the phone down.

Meanwhile, the Fleet Street hacks who assembled in Mitchell's office were given a few usable quotes 'deplorable', 'disgraceful', 'obscene' and were told bluntly that the whole event had been staged as a publicity stunt for the Left in the forthcoming student union elections. This was precisely the sort of dirt the news editors had been hoping to hear. Not only were these hooligans a load of scruffy students, but lefties as well. Mitchell was only too happy to point his audience in the direction of Phillippa Levine. This lady had been on the demonstration and was standing as a Labour candidate in the elections to be held the next day. Like obedient dogs, the scribes trooped off to Levine's house in search of the bone Mitchell had thrown them. Showing an acute awareness of the sensitive feminist issues involved, the *Daily Mail* team decided to take a picture of the lady. 'Hmm, you've got quite a nice figure, love' mused one, 'how about lifting your skirt so we can get a little more leg?'

The *Telegraph* didn't need to send a journalist – they knew all they wanted to already, and it was enough to fuel an amazing editorial, which positively foamed at the mouth, ranting about 'oafs', 'harridans', 'psychopaths', 'children who will not grow up', 'humourless bigots', and all manner of insults until the leader writer had wrung every last expletive out of his 30 lines and retired panting from the ideological fray. Another respected columnist who saw no need to speak to anyone involved was Lynda Lee-Potter in the *Mail*. 'Nazi-like women', she called them (Miss Levine is Jewish let it be said). But for good old-fashioned smear tactics, Wednesday's *Express* took the biscuit. 'Demo girl in poster protest': David Thurlow's story below claimed that 'a busty girl in a bikini' on the poster advertising the debate had sparked off the protest. Just in case feminist readers wanted to see what had offended their sisters, the *Express* reproduced the pouting, voluptuous beauty beside the piece. Thurlow, needless to say, had not approached Miss Levine in person, but two ladies were dispatched from the newsdesk to do just that. Levine was unwise enough to give these two charmers an interview, only to find that her remarks had been utterly distorted and placed out of context, implying that she had insulted the royal family. With obvious relish, Thurlow managed to drag in the damning fact that her parents were not only communists – but teachers into the bargain! Rather than deal with the issues involved, it made much better copy to portray the whole occurrence as a confrontation between Mitchell, the debonair protector of Princess Anne, and Levine, the intolerant leader of a howling red mob.

The real gem, however, was saved for the William Hickey column. Hickey had telephoned Mitchell, whom he had met when speaking at the Union earlier in the term, hoping for a nice juicy quote – and when he got one, he fell for it hook, line and sinker. Mitchell informed him that Phillippa Levine was a 'left leader' who had 'turned out with a loud-hailer', and let the drooling Hickey know that the student elections were the real reason for the demo, as well as claiming that he was 'nursing bruised ribs gained protecting Anne' – despite the fact that in every photograph of the event, the Princess is at least two steps ahead of her would-be Lancelot. So far, so good. Then came the punchline. 'Real feminist leaders like' – wait for it – 'Belinda Giles came along and laughed with the rest of us', said Mitchell, 'only the ugly old queens on the Left took it seriously'.

By Wednesday night the story was dead. Grub Street's finest had enjoyed a day in beautiful Cambridge, Andrew Mitchell had more column inches devoted to his words of wisdom than he could have fancied in his wildest dreams; and notwithstanding the adverse publicity, Phillippa Levine, the 'demo girl' won her election on Thursday. Maybe Cambridge students don't read the *Daily Express*. But millions do.

Michael Sheriden reads History at Jesus College, Cambridge and edits Stop Press.

Believe it or not! In 1979 eighty-one Labour Party candidates will stand for direct elections to the European Parliament. Join the Labour Committee for Europe — the organisation which campaigns for a democratic socialist Europe.

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First Person

Arthur Marshall

Oyez Oyez

Moving about London and the South of England as I do, now here, now there, I have come across two minor hazards of travel which, like VAT and hang-gliding and skateboards, are perilous modern inconveniences that are now plainly here to stay. The first hazard, the dazzling product of the finest minds in British Rail, is the installation, just about 50 years late, of public address systems in main line trains (I refuse to call them Inter-City. Where on earth do they think the lines ran before?). I am all in favour of these systems being present and ready for use in a crisis so that passengers may have up-to-the-minute news of breakdowns ('We have broken down') or of unexpected and surprise happenings ('We are now leaving the rails'), but of course the contraptions and their activating microphones have proved quite irresistible to members of the train's staff who perhaps see themselves as promising radio personalities, deafening us with chat laced, heaven help us all, with jokettas. Thus it is that disembodied voices loudly and constantly jerk one out of a pleasant doze by trying to drum up trade for the buffet's mouth-watering range of culinary delights, or by booming out gratuitous information of very minimal interest ('We have just passed Swindon'). How long before they take a leaf out of the notebook of British Airways? 'This is your engine-driver speaking. Welcome aboard! We shall be travelling at approximately 70 m.p.h. and at a height of about eight feet.'

I have a helpful suggestion to make. In the 1930s, and to help banish the tedium of rail travel, cinema carriages were available on some express trains, certainly on the LNER (the initials have a happy, nostalgic ring) and, for all I know, on other networks. One shilling and sixpence was the charge for an hour's showing of a selection of brief films of the sort that were then called, like some wistful paedophile's daydream, 'Shorts and Interest'. There was M. Mouse too. Well then, if these carriages still exist, let them be brought out, dusted down and filled, not with films but with Art. British Rail has, as we know (and how wisely, time will tell), invested large sums of pension fund money in valuable pictures. Where, may one ask, are these treasures, purchased after all with cash extracted from you and me, housed? Why can't we see them? Get them on the move. A travelling picture gallery would make an agreeable addition to life on the 10.30 a.m. to Exeter. How much better, as we thunder through the numerous aesthetic calamities of Slough, to gaze instead at the superb brushwork of Constable, the extraordinary colours of Turner, the idyllic peace of a Corot landscape. The guard would, naturally, accord special favours to those passengers who have gone a bust and purchased first class tickets ('Would you care for a quick peep at my Pissarro?').

The second travel hazard involves motorised locomotion through the streets of London. Recently, after leaving the commodious NS offices and moving out into the yet wider world of High Holborn, I hailed a taxi and, stepping briskly in, answered the driver's now customary question of 'Where to, Squire?' with the words 'Paddington, please'. 'Ah,' he said as we drove off, 'I thought you looked a Paddington type.' Did you ever! Whatever can one make of it? So that you can judge for yourself, you'll need to know what I was wearing. My roomy, all-purpose 'Grenfell' macintosh ('By Appointment To The Queen' it says inside the collar), together with a not very nice tweed cap which serves to keep my hair in some sort of order. Marks & Spencer bags in a restful beige. Marks & Spencer shoes (if unknown to you, lash out on a pair. Half the price of anywhere else, and they last almost for ever). How on earth could my trim appearance suggest 'Paddington'? And if so, what rig would suggest 'Euston' or 'Victoria' or the dread confines of Liverpool Street, a station name so misleading for foreigners heading for Merseyside? I am reminded of *Punch* and of the drawing (was it by du Maurier?) of two very smart and worldly young ladies from W8 being observed by two old gentlemen. 'You can always tell a Kensington girl', runs the merriment underneath the picture, 'but you cannot tell her much.'

But being identified as a Paddington type was not the second hazard to which I referred. The hazard I meant is that, in my experience over the last five or so years, taxi-drivers, doing a lonely, isolated job and feeling out of things, now require to be solaced with conversation yelled above the traffic's din and through the partly open glass partition. Nine out of ten of them now want to chatter. And so my Paddington-spotter, after a preliminary flurry of courtesies ('Don't I know your voice?') launched away on a lengthy *cri de coeur* involving three female non-whites (as they were described) who had required him to wait for 20 minutes on some double yellow lines in the West Ham area while they visited a nearby launderama. A row about the fare had followed and the police had been summoned. During this somewhat biassed harangue and remembering our principles, I preserved a prim exterior and reminded him sharply, at its conclusion, that it takes all sorts to make a world. The vehicle noise in the Bayswater Road was such that it made this novel and interesting statement inaudible and I had to shriek it three times to get its message through. No offence taken. We parted on terms of the jolliest possible bonhomie ('Don't do anything I wouldn't do, Guv') at, indeed, Paddington, Gateway to the West.

How very odd names are. Why should 'Paddington', not so very long ago green fields and trees and cows munching, be so suitable a sound for a terminus? The British, both in fact and in fiction, are extremely good at names. What name could possibly have fitted the late, alas, owner of it more admirably than that of Richard Dimbleby? There was the solid promise of 'Richard' followed by the, somehow, pleasant roundness of 'Dimble', reminiscent as it is of 'dimple' and those dumpy Haig bottles but actually meaning dell or dingle, both entirely pleasurable words, with 'by' at the end to give it a little parting flourish. I doubt if any name in fiction is more exactly right in its appalling simplicity than that of Waugh's 'Captain Grimes' in *Decline and Fall*, 'Grimes' speaking for itself, with, in 'Captain', that reputable rank (though hardly so in this case) and that proof of respectability so desperately clung to by endless gallant, gas-damaged and underpaid prep-school masters of the 1920s.

There is not a name in Dickens that is not in every way perfection. Just think of them: Gamp, Squeers, Cheeryble, Pickwick, Fagin and Wilkins Micawber. Shakespeare, as one would expect, always gets names right, with one grave exception. Malvolio, Quince, Cleopatra – what could be better? Ditto Rosalind, Falstaff and Mercutio – who could imagine them being called anything else? The one that is so sadly at fault is the name allotted to Hamlet's fiancée, a hopeless enough girl at the best of times and hardly seen to advantage with straws in her hair and indecencies on her lips. But what chance did she ever have? No possible good is going to come to any character, either in fiction or in life itself, the first syllable of whose name produces the sound 'Oaf'. Even if, in your charity, you like to think of it as just being 'Oh', you are then stuck with 'feel yer'. 'Oh feel yer' what, may I inquire, a dangerous question to which every ribald schoolboy, landed, so to speak, with *Hamlet*, knows a variety of answers.

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Letters to the Editor

The Windscale Verdict

Sir, Jeremy Bugler, in his report, 'The Windscale Verdict' (NS 10 March), admirably exposes some of the weaknesses of Mr Justice Parker's disturbing report on the Windscale inquiry, and he rightly suggests that Mr Parker's training has perhaps not equipped him to deal with broad, qualitative issues. The effect of this is that such issues are given no weight at all in his ultimate recommendations. He is only able to weigh in the balance such matters as are to him provable or established fact. An *accumulation* of uncertainty does not, for him, call for a cautious approach to the problem, or a recommendation that the application should be deferred in the hope that the next two or three years might clarify some of the issues. No, if the issue cannot be proven one way or the other, it is left out of the final account or, to be more accurate, is occasionally allowed to weigh in favour of BNFL's proposal.

How else is one to explain the way in which he treats the evidence of Dr Alice Stewart, who, as a witness for this Association, argued that the cancer risk from low-level radiation might be up to 20 times greater than the currently accepted estimate? This contention was based on research she had undertaken with two colleagues into the health records of 30,000 atomic plant workers in the US. Mr Justice Parker simply says: 'It is probably the case that within two or three years, the particular matters advanced by Dr Stewart will have been resolved and that her conclusions will either have been accepted, or proved to be, in part or in whole, ill-founded.' Thus he dismisses the seriousness of the possibility that she may be right.

It is a pervading characteristic of the report that it is unable to give assurance on any of those aspects which most concern politicians and the general public. For example, on accidental risk (para. 11.4), it says: '. . . no real assesment of risks can be made when . . . the design of a project is still at the conceptual stage'. On routine discharges from the proposed plant (11.7) Mr Justice Parker writes: '. . . it is not possible or desirable for me to attempt to make any findings about the safety of THORP as such.' On the forecasting of energy demand, which it is necessary to consider as part of establishing the need for the plant, he says (8.37), that he did not regard it as any part of his task to attempt to make such a forecast. On proliferation, having acknowledged that the system for preventing the spread of nuclear weapons is itself in need of improvement (6.6), he fails to see that that inadequacy adds to the risk, and concludes that the overall proliferation risk is a matter which he cannot assess, and that it is a matter for the Government (6.33). On the ethical aspect (13.6), he says it is not for him to attempt to reach a conclusion on the morality of the situation. On the economics of the plant he says (9.5): 'Viewed purely as a production plant, it appears to me that THORP would be economically disadvantageous in absolute terms.' As Jeremy Bugler points out, the history of reprocessing is littered with plant failures and no doubt the possibility of another escalating drain on public expenditure such as Concorde will not be lost on MPs.

If to the lack of assurance Mr Justice Parker is able to give on such crucial aspects of the matter one adds the benefit of the doubt he allows on points which favour the application (e.g. on converting waste into glass blocks), the fact that the international fuel cycle evaluation is still in progress, and the fact that more recent energy scenarios since the inquiry ended have shown that we could manage without nuclear power and still maintain our standard of living, there is an overwhelming case for MPs to vote for a delay. After all, even British Nuclear Fuels Limited (8.6) accepted that the programme they envisaged could still be sustained even if a start were delayed for five years. The report is not a sound basis for a decision and there is, in any case, no need to let ourselves be rushed.

DAVID HALL
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Scots against Devolution

Sir, Probably my chief reason for reading the NEW STATESMAN for 50 years is that it, by giving the other side of a problem from that of the press in general, kept me better informed and more thoughtful; but on devolution you join the herd. I am a retired headmaster from Dunbartonshire and a Scot in every sense. Except for two small papers, the *West Highland Free Press* and *Seven Days*, the whole Scottish press campaigns for at least devolution, yet a third of the people still don't want it and consequently many of us feel stifled in a one-party state where democracy is a farce. If there were fair play in the press and the BBC there would be no devolution.

Recently you published a review by Tom Nairn of Tam Dalyell's book wherein Mr Nairn descended to abuse of anti-devolutionists. A fortnight ago you carried an article by Neal Ascherson written in the same hysterical tone. There were no 'fouls' perpetrated on the Devolution Bill in the Commons. They were all perfectly legal amendments. It is also abuse to call Mr Cunningham's amendment 'a stroke of spite'. The SNP have such a 40 per cent rule in their own constitution. It seems only reasonable that such a momentous change, very difficult to reverse, should be positively desired by *at least* 40 per cent, in fact by a majority of the electorate.

'The majority in the Commons loathes the Bill.' Agreed. Perhaps Ascherson and Nairn might remember MPs are sometimes wiser than the public as over capital punishment, and in their fanaticism, let them remember Cromwell's appeal to consider they might be wrong. Would you please provide some balance with an article in favour of complete union in this small island of Britain or at least one against devolution?

JOHN SIME
Skulamus Moss
Breakish
Skye

Advertising Standards Authority

An Apology

In our issue of 23 September 1977 we published a letter from Dr A. C. Carr commenting on a complaint about an advertisement which he had made to the Advertising Standards Authority Ltd in 1975. Dr Carr stated that the ASA had dismissed his complaint with nothing more than an assurance from the manufacturers of the advertised product that the advertisement was truthful. We accept that in fact Dr Carr's allegation was completely without foundation, since both his complaint and the advertiser's substantiation had been referred by the ASA to an independent medical adviser whose views were published as the basis of the ASA's final adjudication. We join with Dr Carr in expressing regret that his letter should have given any other impression and apologise to the ASA, its Chairman and members, for the unwarranted criticisms which it contained.

Democracy in Rhodesia

Sir, In your editorial 'Keeping Our Nerve on Zimbabwe' (NS 24 February) you make the statement that 'If they (economic sanctions and guerrilla warfare) were to cease, Rhodesia would become a model African multiracial democracy.' The model you are presumably referring to is that proposed under the 'internal settlement' proposals. Under these proposals 4 per cent of the population will effectively select 28 per cent of MP's and 15 out of the 100 MP's will be able to block constitutional change. If this model applied in Britain today it would mean that the representatives of 12 constituencies could thwart the wishes of the other 623.

Constitutional issues may not sound particularly exciting but in this case they are crucial. The constitution proposed by Smith, Muzorewa, Sithole and Chirau guarantees white jobs and property rights – that is, it freezes the distribution of income and wealth in Rhodesia. Half of the land is owned by less than 7,000 white farmers (and this includes all the land classified by the University of Rhodesia's Department of Geography in 1974 as being of 'good rural development potential'). With rapidly mounting pressure on the agricultural potential of the 'Tribal Trust Lands', the only hope for raising the living standards of the bulk of Rhodesia's 6 million blacks (apart from the abolition of the 'protected villages' into which 20 per cent of them are herded) lies in this land.

Figures published by the Rhodesian Government in its 1975 Economic Survey show 42 per cent of national income going to profits, that is almost exclusively to whites or foreign companies. Of that part of national income going to wages and salaries less than a half went to the blacks that make up 96 per cent of the country's population. Guaranteeing jobs and property ownership will not only preserve the structures by which the whites rule the country but will also guarantee continued poverty for the majority. If this is a 'model of multi-racial democracy' might it not be that the model does not meet the needs of that majority?

JOHN HILLS
Gaborone
Botswana.

A Colourful Census

Sir, Philip Kestelman wonders at both the purpose and the meaning of the proposed 1981 Census question on 'Race or ethnic group' (Letters 10 March). I suspect that Mr Kestelman might maintain that a person's race (or ethnic group) ought to be as irrelevant as the colour of his or her eyes, but sadly this is not the case.

In recent years politicians have found the 'numbers game' fascinating, and only the hard facts of the 1971 Census have provided evidence to refute those who have played fast and loose with statistics. More constructively, the 1971 Census was able to demonstrate the various disadvantages experienced by coloured people in comparison with the population as a whole; to give just one example, the suspicion

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that people of different races and colours are not treated alike in the allocation of council houses was confirmed only by the Runnymede Trust's analysis of 1971 Census Small Area Statistics.

As to the meaning of the proposed question, some confusion will always exist with any question, even for those who do not seek to find it. Just as in 1971 children of the Raj were classified as being of New Commonwealth Ethnic Origin, so the question currently proposed for 1981 will be inefficient in identifying people of Cypriot origin, of whom there are many living in North London. However, an ambiguous definition is better than no definition at all: the important thing is that information about race/ethnic group/colour is available, otherwise all debate will be based on ignorance.

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The Marxists of West Bengal

Sir, How naïve can our Marxist friends be! David Selbourne's piece on India (NS 3 March) was superficial, sweeping in its generalisations and downright juvenile in some respects. What begins as an attempt to analyse Mrs Gandhi's success in elections in two southern states ends up as an adoring apology for the Marxist Government in West Bengal state.

Mr Selbourne conveniently forgets that the overwhelming vote for the West Bengal CPM was *not* a vote for communism but only reflected the general disillusionment with Mrs Gandhi's politics. So far, the new regime in Calcutta has little to show by way of progressive achievements. Mr Basu, the Chief Minister, talked of sternly discouraging student movements, showing that he cannot follow the old formula of using administrative power as a cover for agitation and fomenting unrest. That he has now begun asking for more autonomy from the central government proves that the CPM will make New Delhi the scapegoat for its failures. It is just not true that all the violence in the 1970s in West Bengal was organised from New Delhi. The CPM was as guilty of irresponsibility and violence as the state unit of Mrs Gandhi's Congress. Innocent people, including leading educationists, were murdered by Marxist extremists in broad daylight.

Mr Selbourne is totally silly in saying there is no difference between Janata and Congress. This is no doubt in keeping with the Marxist theory that India is bound to go from one Emergency to another until Mao's disciples take over the central government. Apart from the fact that Maoist rule will mean placing Emergency on a permanent basis, it should be realised that the only practical solution for India's problems is democratic socialism within the parliamentary framework. Mr Selbourne's touching faith in the efficacy of 'force and disorder' is, I hope, not shared by his Marxist friends in West Bengal. His whole article again demonstrates that the typical Marxist mind is no more open to reason than the wretched capitalist's.

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Doctors as Gods

Sir, I refer to the article 'Doctors as Gods' by Donald Gould (NS 3 March) in which he commented on the action of a doctor who is said to have communicated with a Registrar of Marriages to object to the marriage of two of his patients on the grounds that they were mentally ill. If Dr Gould has got his facts right, may not the doctor he refers to unwittingly have committed a breach of medical confidence? The British Medical Association states in its booklet *Medical Ethics*:

> It is a doctor's duty (except as below) strictly to observe the rule of professional secrecy by refraining from disclosing voluntarily to any third party information which he has learned directly or indirectly in his professional relationship with the patient. The death of the patient does not absolve the doctor from the obligation to maintain secrecy.

The BMA goes on to list some possible exceptions, the only possible relevant one of which is: 'Rarely, the public interest may persuade the doctor that his duty to the community may override his duty to maintain his patient's confidence.' This exception is intended to deal with such public hazards as an epileptic train driver or airplane pilot who insists on continuing to drive or fly. I doubt if many doctors would think that it could be used to cover the disclosure of which Dr Gould complains.

The BMA statement is quoted with approval by the General Medical Council, the body which deals with misbehaviour by doctors. It would seem therefore, that if in fact an incident of this kind actually happened, there is a good chance that it will not occur again.

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Ignoring Marches

Sir, A. J. P. Taylor (London Diary, 3 March), referring to the psychology of marching, says that he has always believed that the right answer to provocative demonstrations is to ignore them. He clearly cannot always have felt this since he took part in one or more of the Aldermaston marches and experienced what he calls an 'illusory sense of strength' in so doing. He may have believed that such demonstrations were not provocative to peaceful citizens, but that is not my memory. Nor, I believe, is it that of those who lived near Aldermaston in the 1950s.

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Zambia's Urban Problem

Sir, Daisy Schwarz's article, 'Zambia: Faltering on the Frontline' (NS 17 February), is undoubtedly a courageous attempt to analyse a rather complex problem. Schwarz rightly observes that Zambia's problems stem partly from the fact that it has a very urbanised society. But Daisy Schwarz undermines her case by suggesting that 'no fewer than 10 per cent of them live in urban areas'. The correct figure is in fact around 30 per cent – this is why there is a problem.

NKAKA CHISANGA PUTA

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No Irish Call-up

Sir, I am most grateful for Mr Stephen Koss's thoughtful and favourable review (NS 10 March) of my book on political cartoons (*Daily Sketches,* published by Muller), but one point needs clarification. Mr Koss wrote that I 'wrongly assert that the Government did not even try to introduce conscription in Ireland during the first world war.

Mr Koss has been taken in by a Lloyd George trick – which puts him in very good company. After the German breakthrough of March, 1918, a Bill was presented to Parliament to conscript men up to the age of 50 and to extend conscription to Ireland. But Lloyd George made it plain that the Irish clause would not come into effect until the Irish had home rule, which was itself to wait on the war's end. A backbench rebellion, a walk-out by Irish Nationalist MPs all followed. But conscription was never, in the end, extended to Ireland. And those men of 49 and 50 never actually saw service on the Western Front.

MARTIN WALKER

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Linguistic Hooligans

Sir, Russell Harty's use of 'who's' in the locution 'prognosticating who'd get who's job' seems to me a piece of linguistic wit rather than the solecism that its appearance in 'This English' (NS 10 March) would suggest.

Given a setting that is syntactically appropriate, any pronoun in English can be used as a substantive, and the apostrophe followed by 's' which has been attached to the second 'who' in the sentence quoted surely indicates to us that both 'who's' are to read not as pronouns but as nouns, and that the author's meaning is 'prognosticating which Who would get which other Who's job' – where the Who in either case is known not only to the clever prognosticator and his equally clever audience, but also to anyone who cares to consult the pages of *Who's Who.* Anyone who thinks that 'whose' is to be preferred in the original phrase should try substituting 'Whose' for 'Who's' in the paraphrase.

JOAN MACKIE

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The fictions of Graham Greene never really divided into serious novels and 'entertainments', whatever the author might once have insisted. Even the best of his serious novels have always been entertainments and even the slightest of his entertainments have always been serious novels. His latest effort is very serious indeed – one of his best books, in fact. It is also an outstanding entertainment, which means that the reviewer is hard pressed, since it would be bad form to give away too much of the story. The book is a lot more than just a spy novel, but it is still a spy novel in the first instance, with a satisfactorily intricate plot. The reader should not be deprived of the chance to exercise his deductive powers, although if he does not rumble the significance of the hero's purchasing *two* copies of the Aylmer Maude translation of *War and Peace* on page 50 then he is either a dull dog or else he has never read *Our Man in Havana*.

As so often happens with Greene's later work, knowledge of his earlier work can only increase the reader's admiration. Familiarity breeds respect. As time has gone on, Greene's life-long preoccupations have come back again and again, more thoroughly explored, more subtly interwoven, so that everything comes up looking new even when it is most recognisable. Self-parody threatens only when his grip on likelihood momentarily goes slack – as it does, for example, towards the end of *The Honorary Consul*, when the dialogue between Eduardo and León is a bit too wonderfully concentrated for men due to be hanged in the morning. But generally Greene's touch has seldom ceased to grow more assured, which means that all his characteristic themes, relationships, personalities, atmospheric effects, plot twists, gimmicks and props can safely be brought around for another airing.

At this point a clear line should be drawn between fandom and appreciation, even though both processes may be going on within the same reader. It is fandom to be unduly delighted by spotting a standard piece of Greenery recurring in compressed form. Fans open each new novel with a head full of ready-made expectations. Who's got the birthmark? Will there be a chess game? Who's going to be the whisky priest, the wise policeman, the ethnic love-partner? The fan's needs are usually satisfied. But appreciation depends on remembering that the author is making things more difficult for himself instead of less: he goes back over the same ground in order to dig deeper, and he can dig deeper because he has lived longer. It may well be true that Greene has never again written anything as perfect as *The Heart of the Matter*, but he knows more of life now than he knew then. The same themes of moral responsibility have been more profoundly gone into even in those subsequent books which most conspicuously lack the fearful symmetry of his masterpiece. *The Heart of the Matter* is evidence that in a master's work the apex of his craft can arrive relatively early yet need not necessarily represent the height of his interest.

But to business. Greene's latest hero, Maurice Castle, is another in the series of morally exhausted protagonists that nominally started with Querry in *A Burnt-Out Case*, although really the tradition stretches back to Scobie and beyond. Greene's central theme has always been partly about the impossibility of making a separate peace – nobody can escape responsibility by doing nothing, since the world will always catch up. Castle is a Secret Service officer stationed in London. Before the novel started he was a field-man who fell in love with one of his own black African agents. To get her safely away, he had to pay a price. What the price consists of emerges during the course of the action, which is all set in England. You can't hide even in England. In the last analysis even England is a foreign country.

This is the first time since *The End of the Affair* (an artistic catastrophe which has become in retrospect steadily more interesting) that Greene has made a full-scale attempt to set a novel in his homeland. He has succeeded in the most extraordinary way. You feel that he is seeing it as a foreign country. In the same way that he so carefully gets the details right about all those African, South American and Far Eastern trouble-spots, you can hear him being careful to get the details right about England. The protagonist has been a long time away and the narrator who writes about him has been away even longer – so long that the return is like a fresh beginning. There is a tight focus on such minor items of local colour as Maltesers and Smarties. The geographical features of inner London have not just been thought out, they have practically been paced out: you could walk all the distances in the right times and find all the named buildings. The topography is so neurotically accurate that it might have been seen by the self-exiled writer somewhere along one of his lawless roads, on the journey without maps.

Still straining every nerve to avoid giving away the plot, I can perhaps reveal that once again a joke figure gets caught in the firing line. The same thing happened in *Our Man in Havana* and *The Comedians*. The idea reached its fullest elaboration in *The Honorary Consul*, where Charley Fortnum pretended to be what he wasn't, got kidnapped instead of someone else, and turned the tables on everybody by knowing how to die. In this novel the role is taken by Castle's colleague Davis, a comic figure right up to the moment when he is mistakenly bumped off by his own side. As so often happens in the later Greene – and the later Greene is mainly the earlier Greene consciously exploiting his own preoccupations – the comic figure is not the true comedian. The true comedian is the poised sophisticate who succumbs to the ultimate folly of hoping to remain uninvolved.

Is there a wise policeman? Yes, there is a wise policeman. Or in this case a wise Secret Service officer, named Daintry. He and Castle end up on opposite sides of the fence, but there is a kinship between them. The kinship goes back to at least *The Power and the Glory*; in *Our Man in Havana* they played chess with miniature bottles of spirits and liqueurs; in *The Honorary Consul* they were in Argentina. (Castle is slow to emerge as a reincarnation of the whisky priest, by the way, but fans will be pleased to note that when he finally gets to the bottle he pours himself a quadruple.) Daintry comes even closer than his predecessors to being the good man in a bad job. Estranged from his bitchy wife, he dines alone on sardines and yesterday's camembert. As usual, however, seediness has a sharpening effect on the moral sense. Daintry is the one who is most disgusted by Davis's death – more so, indeed, than Castle, which leaves you wondering if the author hasn't repressed his hero's sensibilities in order to safeguard the plot.

If the book has a serious flaw, it lies in the fact that Castle is too complacent about the fate of Davis. Faced with such indifference, we are bound to care less than we should about his love for his wife and child. It might be, of course, that Castle *can't* care about Davis – because he is a burnt-out case. But even at his most elliptical Greene would be sure to make such a point explicitly, if he were making it at all. I think that the point is not made, and that the book is somewhat weakened by having a central character less interesting than his dilemma warrants. In fact Castle is almost put in the shade by Daintry, who shows signs of wanting to break free and start a novel of his own.

Daintry, like his creator, seems to be experiencing England as a strange land. The eye for exotic fauna is never more sharp than when Daintry is at large among the upper classes to whom he is supposed to belong but among whom he never loses the heightened consciousness engendered by discomfort. The huntin'-shootin'-and-fishin' high-echelon Secret Servicemen are observed

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with the kind of sardonic penetration that Evelyn Waugh partly lost after he moved into his latter-day romanticism. As with Greene, so with Waugh, Catholicism was a guarantee against the supposition – crippling to any artist – that paradise can be attained on earth. But Waugh eventually reneged to the extent of romanticising the vanishing English social order: *Sword of Honour*, like Ford's *Parade's End*, is in many ways a self-serving fantasy. Greene has never allowed himself to lapse. He is not as inventive as Waugh but in the long run he has proved himself tougher. Here is the final proof, if proof were needed: an England treated not as home but as a far country, in which evil forces are operating uncomprehended.

Greene's Catholicism is the real answer to the question, still often posed, about whether or not he has the gift of prescience. He moves into a country, writes a novel about its inner tensions, and straight afterwards the novel happens in real life. He does have a gift, but it is not for clairvoyance. It is not that he sees ahead. He just sees straight. In South-East Asia, for example, he simply saw what was actually happening: *The Quiet American* succeeded in foretelling the future by reporting the present, at a time when others, for the best of reasons, couldn't see realities for ideals. Since Greene's ideals are not of this earth, he is free to see realities. The spiritual component of his religion must necessarily remain mostly private, but it is possible to say that the intellectual component has been a boon to him as an artist. His natural talent for political analysis has been able to flourish unswayed by any temporal allegiance.

Whether his Catholicism is of much help in the analysis of personality is a moot point. He would as soon explore non-believers as believers – perhaps, nowadays, even sooner. For the record, Castle, although not a Catholic, gravitates into a confessional box on page 233. Even if he had not felt the need, his remorse would have remained the same: no more and no less. If Castle is insufficiently realised, it is not because he is an apostate but because the story got in the road, leaving him neither fish, fowl nor good red Philby.

But the story is absorbing enough to justify the intrusion. Quibbling for a moment, I can't see why Castle couldn't get the details of Operation Uncle Remus back to his superiors without blowing his cover – all he would have had to do was warn his control that there was a defector in place. Apart from that one slip, however, the plot is both plausible and engrossing from start to finish. It is like one of those good, solid, early Le Carré novels, plus the moral overtones which the later Le Carré vainly tries to add by cramming on hundreds of extra pages, but which Greene can't help generating from the first sentence, simply because he views life in a certain way. We can only be grateful that his unique vision has gone on intensifying for so long, time after time choosing the right issue to clarify at the right moment in the right place. Which is to say, on this occasion: apartheid, now and England.

The Letters of Sidney and Beatrice Webb

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Edited by NORMAN MACKENZIE

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CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

Gore Vidal

He Dwells With Beauty

The Parting Years by CECIL BEATON *Weidenfeld* £5.95

In the 15th century the adjective 'pretty' joined the English language (derived from the Old Teutonic noun *pratti* or *pratta*, meaning trick or wile). At first everyone thought the world of pretty. To be a pretty fellow was to be clever, apt, skilful; a pretty soldier was gallant and brave; a pretty thing was ingenious and artful. It was not until the 16th century that something started to go wrong with the idea of prettiness. Although women and children could still take pleasure in being called pretty, a pretty man had degenerated into a fop with a tendency to slyness. Pretty objects continued to be admired until 1875 when the phrase 'pretty-pretty' was coined. That did it. For the truly clever, apt and skilful, the adjective pretty could only be used in the pejorative sense, as I discovered 30 years ago while being shown around King's College by E. M. Forster. As we approached the celebrated chapel (magnificient, superb a bit much), I said, 'Pretty'. Forster thought that I meant the chapel when, actually, I was referring to a youthful couple in the damp middle distance. A ruthless moralist, Forster publicised my use of the dread word. Told in Fitzrovia and published in the streets of Dacca, the daughters of the Philistines rejoiced; the daughters of the uncircumcised triumphed. For a time, my mighty shield was vilely cast away.

In the last 30 years the adjective pretty has been pretty much abandoned, while the notion of beauty has become so complex that only the dullest of the daughters of the uncircumcised dares use it. Santayana was the last aesthetician to describe beauty without self-consciousness; and that was in 1896. As a result, we now live in a relativist's world where one man's beauty is another man's beast. This means that physical ugliness tends to be highly prized on the ground that it would be not only cruel but provocative for, let us say, a popular performer to look better than the plainest member of the audience. This is democracy at its most endearing; and only a beauty or a Beaton would have it otherwise.

Sir Cecil Beaton's latest volume of diaries has now been published in the 74th year of a life devoted to the idea of beauty in people, clothes, décor, landscape and manners. To the extent that Sir Cecil falls short of beauty in his life and work, he is merely pretty. But that is not such a bad thing. Quite the contrary. Sir Cecil . . . no, I think we had better call him Beaton, in honour of his own creation as opposed to the Queen's. Beaton is the oldest if not the last of a long line of minor artists who have given a good deal of pleasure to a good many people. He is a celebrated photographer. Unfortunately, I cannot judge his pictures because all photographs tend to look alike to me in their busy flatness. For half a century photography has been the 'art form' of the untalented. Obviously some pictures are more satisfactory than others, but where is credit due? To the designer of the camera? to the finger on the button? to the law of averages? I was pleased to note in Beaton's pages that Picasso thought the same.

It is as a designer for the theatre that Beaton is at his best. But then clothes and sets are in the round, not flat upon the page. Beaton is absolutely stage-struck, and so wonderfully striking in his stage effects. There is no sense of strain in his theatre work except, perhaps, when he acts. Years ago I saw him in a play by (I think) Wilde. Like an elegant lizard just fed 20 milligrammes of Valium, Beaton moved slowly about the stage. The tongue flicked; the lips moved; no word was audible.

Now we have Beaton's written words; and they are most vivid: contents of diaries kept from 1963 to 1974. The mood is often

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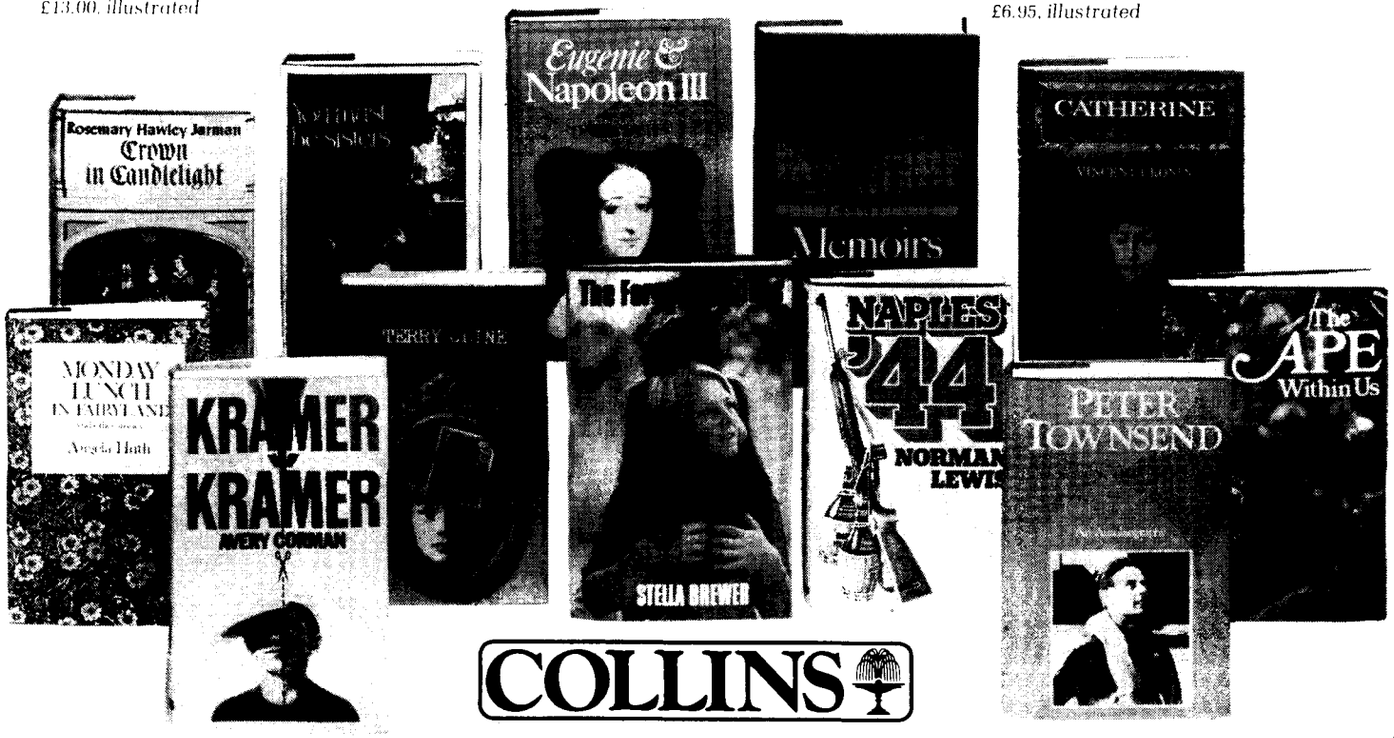

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MICHAEL JOSEPH

grim. He does not like getting old. He has also not learnt that, after 50, you must never look into a mirror whose little tricks you don't already know in advance. The same goes for eyes. At the Rothschild place in Mouton, he takes a good look at himself in a strange mirror. He is rewarded for his recklessness;

> I was really an alarming sight – wild white hair on end, most of the pate quite bald; chins sagging with a scraggly tissued neck; pale weak eyes without their former warmth. But this could not be me!

More sombre details are noted. Finally, 'How could I make the effort to dress myself up in picturesque clothes and try to be attractive to a group of highly critical people?' I am sure that he managed.

The Parting Years is a haphazard collection of pages taken at what seems to be random from a number of diaries. No attempt has been made to link one thing to another. He arrives in New York to design a production of *La Traviata*. Alfred Lunt is the director. It is all very exciting. But, for the reader, the curtain never goes up. How did the production go? Who sang? There are numerous odd lacunae:

> Oliver Lyttleton, whose desire to amuse has increased with the years to the extent that he is a real bore, made one funny joke. The evening was a great success.

But what was the joke? On second thoughts, perhaps that is Beaton's strategy. In *Orlando* Virginia Woolf never allowed us to hear the brilliant dialogue of Alexander Pope.

Beaton is a good travel-writer. He has a sharp eye for those horrors of travel that delight the sedentary reader far more than set descriptions of beautiful or even pretty places. South America in general and Poland in particular do not get high marks. The first is too steep; the second too flat. But Beaton is quite as strict with things English. The cathedrals get a thorough going-over. 'Exeter Cathedral, more squat than Salisbury, but original and successful, with a frieze of carvings on the facade.' Next term if Exeter C. joins *wholeheartedly* in house-games there is no reason why that squatness can't be trimmed down. On the other hand, poor 'Wells Cathedral did not look its best. It has a certain character but is not really impressive as a creative expression of devotion.' Wells C. might do better at a different school.

Beaton is too much the stoic to strike too often the valetudinarian note. But when he does, the effect is chilling. He looks at himself with the same cold eye that he turns upon slovenly Wells Cathedral.

> I don't really feel that I am ever going to come into my own, to justify myself and my existence by some last great gesture. I am likewise certain that nothing I have done is likely to live long after me.

This is no doubt true. Yet one cannot help but admire a man in his seventies who still makes a living by his wits in the world of theatre and fashion where Americans with hearts of stone and egos of brass dominate ('I put up with Americans willingly only when I am on business bent').

Beaton never ceases to be interested in seeing new places, meeting new talent. He checks out The Rolling Stones at the beginning of their fame. He takes up the town's new artist, David Hockney. Meanwhile, he continues to make the rounds of the old from Picasso to Coward. He almost always has something shrewd to say – except of famous hostesses. They get elaborate bread-and-butter-letter eulogies best left unpublished. Beaton is most generous with the young. But then it is always easier to prefer the young to one's contemporaries. Witness:

> *April 11, 1966:* So Evelyn Waugh is in his coffin. Died of snobbery. Did not wish to be considered a man of letters; it did not satisfy him to be thought a master of letters; it did not satisfy him to be thought a master of English prose. He wanted to be a duke...

Beaton and Waugh had known each other at school. Each was a social climber; each was on to the other. Yet Beaton appears to have got a good deal of pleasure out of his nimble run up the ladder, as opposed to Waugh, who huffed and puffed and 'would suddenly seem to be possessed by a devil and do thoroughly fiendish things'. It is a pity that there is no present-day writer able to do for this pretty couple what Max Beerbohm did for a similar pair in 'Hilary Maltby and Stephen Braxton'.

As might be expected, the book is full of obituaries. Outliving contemporaries is always a joy, up to a point. Beaton usually gets the point. Of the Duke of Windsor, he 'had never shown any affection for or interest in me'. Beaton also notes that the Duke 'was inclined to be silly'. That is putting it mildly. The Duke's stupidity was of a perfection seldom encountered outside institutions. Of James Pope-Hennessy, he 'had "quality", was intelligent, and intellectual and serious and yet good company'. Beaton is a bit wary of intellectuals. He is better at describing figures like Chanel. He is also good on performers, noting the odd but illuminating detail. Alan Bates

> has invented an original sense of humour. It takes a while to realise what he is up to . . . He has grown his hair very shaggily long. This is obviously to compensate for the width of the neck which has now become almost inhumanly large.

Much of *The Parting Years* will be mysterious to those not intimately acquainted with the theatre and High Bohemia. Even those who have some knowledge of the terrain will get lost from time to time. First names appear without last names. And last names without first names. It is often hard to figure out just who is who. There is one most intriguing encounter, set in New York. I quote the scene in its entirety. 'Truman came back with me to the hotel. We talked over whiskies and sodas until I realised that by English time it was 7.30 in the morning.' That's all. What, one wonders, did Beaton and the former President have to say to one another? News of the Queen? Of course. But that wouldn't go on until one-thirty a.m. (Eastern Standard Time), Lady Juliet Duff's failing health? Yes. But one illness is much like another. Music? That must be it. The 33rd President loved to play the piano. They talked of Horowitz. Of young Van Cliburn who played at Potsdam for Truman and ('Uncle Joe') Stalin. But then, surely, Truman must have mentioned President Johnson. *What did he say?*

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For once, Beaton is too discreet, unlike his earlier diaries.

I was in Switzerland when Beaton's revelations about his 'affair' with Greta Garbo were published in a German magazine. The only comment that I heard her make was glum: 'And people think that I am pair-annoyed.' But it is the nature of the dandy to flaunt brilliant plumes. In this, Beaton resembles the kingfisher birds that fly

> so quickly that by the time one says 'Look!' they have gone. This most brilliant metallic bird is said to have such an unpleasant smell for other birds that it is solitary and safe.

The Greek word for kingfisher is 'halcyon' – born of the sea. For two weeks at the winter solstice the kingfisher's nest is supposed to float on a tranquil sea until the eggs are hatched. Twice Beaton uses the word 'halcyon' to describe days in summer. But halcyon can refer only to calm and peaceful winter days, of the sort that this bright kingfisher deserves for the pleasure that he has given to all those who for so many years have watched ('Look!') his swift, pretty flight.

John Sturrock

Buy Me

Decoding Advertisements by JUDITH WILLIAMSON *Marion Boyars* £7.95 & £3.95

I was in advertising once. I might have been there still had I not, one sombre morning in Newcastle, in that queasy, susceptible interval between first light and breakfast, looked down from my hotel-room window on the roof of the railway station and seen the inexplicable words NO ESCAPE written there, in portentously tall, white-washed capitals. I dare say that they were meant for fleeing railwaymen, to tell them which way not to run when their station caught fire. But, like any trepid Belshazzar, I took them personally, as a warning to demobilise myself from a profession in which it would not be good to grow old. The day so promisingly launched by this episode unwound all too greyly, in conference with the drab, pedantic hirelings of Messrs Proctor and Gamble, soap barons of Cincinnati. Painstakingly, we ironed out the cruxes in the meretricious campaign which would, in an ideal world, have had housewives up and down the land exchanging their current washday allegiances for a definitive commitment to P & G's Fairy Snow; we did so, as I remember, in a bunker-like inner room without any windows, chosen perhaps so as to defy infiltration by the spies sent north by the worried manufacturers of the rival Persil. 'No escape' was right; British Rail's rooftop prophecies, if not its more mundane services down below, were running to time. A little groggy from this experience, I returned to my sleek copywriter's garret in

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Mayfair, where I did the big and honourable thing: I ratted.

Years later I am suddenly sorry I ever had anything to do with advertising. The overdue prick, you will assume, of conscience, punishing me for having dabbled in a disgraceful trade; but not so: merely the unnerving prose style of Judith Williamson, in a book I would never have thought of reading had I not myself put in four harrowing years among the hucksters. The title was honest and attractive – the deceptions and malpractices of the admen were going to be laid cruelly bare. But if Ms Williamson means well, she writes uncommonly badly. She lays nothing bare, and anyone clever enough to understand what she is saying would undoubtedly be clever enough to decode even the most fiendishly subtle advertisement without her help. She is into (though not very far into) structuralism and semiotics, of which she commands much of the jargon and few of the insights. Semioticians worth their salt are adept at reading between the lines; Ms Williamson manages actually to write between them, and there were occasions as I forced my way loyally through her pages when I felt I must be reading not an original English work but a translation from the French of some uncritical stooge of Louis Althusser.

A small extract will show what we are up against:

> Advertisements alienate our identity in constituting us as one of the objects in an exchange we ourselves must make, thereby appropriating *from us* an image which gives us back our 'value'.

And there you have *Decoding Advertisements*, habitual italics, quote-marks and all: a book both turbid and alarmist, with a fearsome corner in neo-marxist pseudery. Where the makers of margarine hanker only after that ultimate advertisers' pipe-dream, brand loyalty, Ms Williamson finds evidence of, yes, Totemism (she has been reading Lévi-Strauss); if Playtex are predictably ethereal in their sales pitch for the Free Spirit Seamless Bra, her mind turns instantly to Hegel (not an author much read in advertising agencies in my experience; the *New Yorker* was always a likelier source of plagiarisms than *The Phenomenology of Spirit*).

Ms Williamson finds advertising unduly sinister and influential. When her researches take her into the cinema, and to those dire conglomerates of commercials sponsored by Pearl and Dean, she – unlike the rest of us, who sit there unmoved pulling on a choc-ice – is apparently 'sucked into the middle of the screen' by a vortical use of perspective. And in this book even the relatively cool medium of print is endowed with uncanny, anthropomorphic powers, since press advertisements do not sit shyly on the page, waiting for our eye to fall on them, but buttonhole us as we approach with what Ms Williamson breezily calls a 'hey-you', a person-to-person summons it hardly occurs to her we might spurn.

She has ruined her case by being unbelievably credulous. Her original idea was good, and hygienic: to show that the form which advertisements take is just as evilly capitalistic as their contents, and all the more effective in impelling us to buy what the advertisers want us to buy because we seldom notice it. She wanted to write a grammar of consumer advertising, not its semantics. But it is never easy to write about form without bringing in content, and Ms Williamson brings it in all the time. It is just as well she does, for her book would have been mighty arid without it. She would like to bypass whatever is obvious in advertisements because her mission is to reveal to a gullible public what advertisers are *really* up to, what all that obviousness conceals.

The public, however, is not as gullible as she rather patronisingly implies; nor, for that matter, are the advertisers so desperately cunning. Advertisements are a byword for the incredible; people disbelieve them on principle, at any rate so long as they know that what they are faced with is an advertisement – seemingly uncommissioned puffs are another matter. Ms Williamson is a demonologist who would have us believe in those superannuated bogies, the Hidden Persuaders, tampering subliminally with our intimate selves. But advertising remains obstinately superficial. It may call in the Freudians, but they will find that the Admass has no tamperable Id. A repressed memory bubbles opportunely up from my own subconscious: of a psychoanalyst hired by my agency (Alec Symbol we called him) to help revive the drooping sales of a brand of fruit jelly. A few sessions probing the psyches of representative mothers and children taught him that this blameless union of strawberry juice and gelatine had negative, not to say thanatoid associations in the collective unconscious. Alas, hard as we tried, we were never able to use this discovery on our clients' behalf. They turned down our very logical suggestion that we might relaunch their jelly as The Dessert with a Death Wish – and on commercial grounds they were surely right.

Leonard Schapiro

Red Tape

The USSR versus Dr Mikhail Stern: An 'Ordinary' Trial in the Soviet Union edited by August Stern and translated by Marco Carynnyk *Cape* £7.50

'In the course of my trial,' Dr Stern recalls in his preface to this remarkable document,

> Judge Orlovsky walked up to the iron cage in which I was placed during recesses . . . and without blinking an eye he said: 'Doctor Stern, you are not guilty, but I am forced to convict you. I have a family and children. *I want to live too.*'

During the 60 years of varying degrees of tyrannous government to which the people of Soviet Russia have been subjected since the Bolsheviks seized power, there have been numerous examples of heroic resistance – by communists, by anti-communists, by socialists, by workers and peasants, by advocates, and above all, as the last few years have witnessed, by intellectuals: I am not aware of a single instance in which a Soviet judge has shown anything but the most exemplary subservience to his political masters. The trial of Dr Stern on charges of bribery and swindling in December 1974 – if the description 'trial' is appropriate to a procedure which is a foregone conclusion, where the evidence exists only to be circumvented – illustrates the degree to which a Soviet judge is trained to serve as an instrument of the executive power. We are offered in this book something that is very

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rare – a virtually verbatim transcript of the entire proceedings, clandestinely recorded by Dr Stern's sons and smuggled out of the country when they were allowed to emigrate to Israel. It is just possible that Judge Orlovsky tried to salve his conscience by not doing all he could to stop the recording – he clearly knew that it was going on.

Dr Stern is fortunate in the devotion of his sons. They were not only courageous and indefatigable in organising every kind of protest against illegality during the long months when their father was held incommunicado for the preliminary interrogation. In this campaign they were supported by Dr Sakharov and other brave fighters for basic human rights in the USSR. After Dr Stern's sons had arrived in the West, while their father was serving his sentence of imprisonment, they successfully mobilised a campaign of protest. The culmination of this was a petition, drafted by (of all people) that consistent apologist of Soviet tyranny J-P. Sartre, and supported by 50 Nobel Prize Winners, and the organisation of a distinguished international tribunal to investigate the trial of Dr Stern, planned to sit on 24 March 1977. In the end, on 15 March 1977, the Ukrainian Supreme Court decided – on humanitarian grounds, of course – to remit the remaining five years of Dr Stern's sentence, and soon after he was allowed to emigrate. It was typical of Soviet practice that this act of 'clemency' towards one Jew, from which they reckoned they would derive international sympathy, was immediately followed by a trumped-up charge against another Jew, Shcharansky, who now faces a charge of treason.

Mikhail Stern is a distinguished endocrinologist, who was for many years director of the outpatient clinic of the Provincial Endrocrinological Health Centre in Vinnitsa, a small town in the Ukraine. Prominent in the medical institute of which this clinic formed a sector was the Professor of Endocrinology Zelinsky, one of those jumped-up, illiterate nonentities whom totalitarian systems tend to elevate to positions of authority. Zelinsky had a longstanding grudge against Dr Stern: he was a Jew, and moreover a Jew who was highly competent, and particularly successful in his treatment of retarded sexual development in adolescents, using methods which in terms of rigid Soviet medical bureaucracy were unorthodox. A member of the communist party, Dr Stern had in the 1960s denounced at a local communist meeting medical commissions established to 'uncover' unqualified Jewish physicians as an anti-semitic fraud. Zelinsky had spared no effort to destroy Stern, but his real chance came in 1974. Dr Stern's sons applied to emigrate to Israel; he refused to comply with the KGB's commands to influence them to withdraw their application, and was promptly arrested. A case of bribery and swindling now had to be trumped up and Professor Zelinsky was the obvious KGB choice for assistance in this enterprise. He speedily organised a whole string of witnesses, former patients of Dr Stern, who were intended to give evidence to the effect that Dr Stern had demanded and received bribes from them for his medical services and had supplied them with drugs at exorbitant prices.

The Soviet criminal trial is based on the

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'inquisitorial' system – in other words, instead of the prosecution having to prove its case at the trial before the accused need even answer the charge (as is the Anglo-Saxon practice), the Soviet court conducts the trial on the basis of a long 'indictment' furnished to them by the investigating official. This indictment is the result of many months' examination of the accused (and of witnesses), normally without the benefit of legal assistance and with very few rights. It is not to be wondered at that the result of the trial is normally little more than a confirmation of the indictment, with slender regard for the evidence called in court. There is no jury in Soviet procedure – the presiding judge sits with two lay 'assessors' who normally do what they are told to do by the judge. The evidence of recent emigrés suggests that in many cases the slavish acceptance of the indictment at the court hearing is mainly the result of ignorance or idleness: where, as in Dr Stern's case, the KGB has determined in advance on a conviction, the verdict is a foregone conclusion – as Judge Orlovsky said, 'I want to live too.'

As the extracts from the indictment reproduced in this book show, it was easy enough for the investigator Kravchenko to get simple and often illiterate peasants to sign what he wanted them to say – that Dr Stern had extorted money. In virtually every case, when questioned in court they recoiled with indignation from the suggestion that Dr Stern had ever done this, and expressed admiration and gratitude for his treatment.

In one case where a witness stuck to the story allegedly told to the investigator, his oral evidence was a mass of contradictions, and, as was established, the witness had been apprehended by Dr Stern in the act of stealing his watch. The full extent of the threadbare nature of the evidence appears from the analysis prepared on appeal to the Ukrainian Supreme Court (the appeal was, needless to say, dismissed). In no civilised country could this conviction have been upheld. Even by Soviet standards it is hard to imagine the authorities insisting on a conviction in these circumstances.

They were frustrated by the courage and ingenuity of Dr Stern's sons. In general, the prevailing spirit of courage is the most heartening fact about this shameful episode. Dr Stern's advocate, D. Axelbant, fought like a lion – one can only hope that he did not suffer in consequence. Dr Stern himself, though seriously afflicted in health (and virtually denied medical assistance), was superb – from his first answer in evidence to the question 'Your nationality?': 'So long as there is one anti-semite left, I am a Jew', to his defiant cry as he was led down the steps after sentence: 'I will not surrender!' Something has changed in Soviet life since Stalin's day – something the authorities have not succeeded in repressing.

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temple smith

Antony Polonsky

No Prisoners

Victims of Yalta by NIKOLAI TOLSTOY *Hodder & Stoughton* £9.95

More than 30 years after the events it chronicles, Count Tolstoy's description of the forcible repatriation of Soviet citizens at the end of the second world war still has the power to shock and horrify, as is shown by the stir it has created in the public press. This is all the more understandable since, as both Alexander Solzhenitsyn and Nicholas Bethell have pointed out, the story was 'the last secret' of the war, and a surprise to many who now hear of it for the first time. Over 5¼ million Soviet citizens were captured by the Germans and in spite of extremely brutal treatment at the hands of their captors, nearly 1.15 million were in German camps at the end of the war. Some further 2.3 million people were persuaded or compelled to work as labourers in the service of the Third Reich and in May 1945 some 2 million of these were still in Germany. In addition over 1 million Soviet citizens from the Baltic states, the Caucasus, the Ukraine and Russia itself fled the Soviet Union in the wake of the retreating German armies. From all these groups, the Germans also recruited a considerable number of people to fight on their side. Between 800,000 and 1 million Soviet citizens fought side by side with the Nazis in *Waffen-SS* formations, in Cossack units and in the Russian Army of Liberation established under the command of the former Soviet officer, General Vlasov.

The attitude of the Soviet authorities to these people was mixed. On the one hand, there was an almost total disinclination to admit that so many Soviet citizens could have fallen into German hands or chosen willingly to collaborate with the Nazis. Stalin had refused in 1929 to sign the Geneva convention on the treatment of PoWs. When he was approached by the Red Cross to allow letters to be sent to German prisoners in Soviet hands in return for similar rights for Soviet prisoners in Germany he replied:

> There are no Russian prisoners of war. The Russian soldier fights on till death. If he chooses to become a prisoner, he is automatically excluded from the Russian community. We are not interested in a postal service only for Germans.

It was for the same reason that Stalin refused to consider an exchange of his son Yakov, captured in 1941, near Smolensk. His only response was to send Yakov's wife Julia to jail.

At the same time the Soviet dictator was determined to isolate and punish those who he believed had served the German cause. Although he told Churchill in Moscow in October 1944 that 'with regard to Soviet prisoners a great many had been made to fight for the Germans, while others had done so willingly', in fact he took the view that all, even those who could not possibly have avoided capture, were in some way guilty or suspect. According to a former NKVD officer, of the 5½ million people who between 1943 and 1947 returned to Soviet rule after being in German hands, 20 per cent either received the death sentence, often summarily carried out and sometimes within earshot of their British escorts, or were sent to a labour camp for 25 years, which in effect constituted a death sentence. Another 15-20 per cent received 5-10 years in a forced labour camp, 10 per cent were exiled to the frontier regions for not less than six years and 15 per cent were dispatched to work camps in the Donbas, Kuzbas and other war-devastated areas. Only 15-20 per cent were allowed to return home, but even they were often not allowed to register for work.

The Western powers were deeply involved in this persecution. They first became aware of the problem in the summer of 1944 when Russian auxiliary troops and forced labourers began to surrender in large numbers. The British quickly came to the conclusion that these people should all be sent back to the Soviet Union and at the Yalta conference gave the Soviets an assurance that they would facilitate their repatriation. They persisted in this policy until May 1947, although most repatriations took place in 1945 and early 1946, and they were able to persuade the rather more unwilling Americans to follow suit. As a result, over 2¼ million Soviet citizens were sent back to the Soviet Union, many of them against their will. At least 50 committed suicide rather than be handed over and force had to be employed – particularly in the case of the 50,000 Cossacks in settlements in Austria. The British troops were also compelled to resort to a high degree of duplicity in order to trick the Cossack officers to hand themselves over first so that their men could then be more easily dealt with. Many

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women and children were repatriated, and men were actually sent to their deaths who had never been Soviet citizens at all and whom the British were not committed to send back under the terms of the Yalta agreement.

These are the appalling events described in Count Tolstoy's angry and eloquent *Victims of Yalta*. He covers much the same ground as Lord Bethell did in *The Last Secret* (1974), an admirable work which is subjected to some unnecessarily carping criticism by Count Tolstoy. Tolstoy's book does have the benefit of the new British documentary material and it also devotes more attention to the victims of this Western policy, to whom it is in fact dedicated. Tolstoy argues that the repatriation constituted 'a tragedy which both in the numbers involved and in the depth of suffering experienced is fully comparable to the Nazi treatment of the Jews'. This is going too far, however. It is undeniable that Western policy was rigidly and heartlessly enforced and that many innocent people suffered. Yet Tolstoy is too quick to excuse the fact that many of those who were sent back had taken up arms with the Nazis on the grounds that there was nothing to choose between Hitler and Stalin. The fact is that the Stalinist regime, for all its crimes, lacked both the demonic characteristics and expansionist tendencies of Nazi Germany. Those who contributed to what might easily have been a Nazi victory cannot be judged as leniently as Count Tolstoy would allow. In addition, he is rather too eager to argue away the atrocities committed by Russian and ethnic forces. It is true, as he maintains, that the Germans used these troops deliberately to spread hatred of the Russians, but their atrocities remain real.

British policy emerges from Tolstoy's book in an even shabbier light than it did in Bethell's. Forcible repatriation was decided upon by Eden and the senior Foreign Office officials partly in order to win Soviet good will and partly to ensure the safety of British PoWs who were to be liberated by the Soviets in exchange. It did not win the good will of the Soviets, and there is no evidence that a failure to hand over some Soviet citizens would have affected the 40,000 UK and 75,000 US PoWs in the East. The total lack of imagination and brutal callousness revealed in the minutes of people like Thomas Brimelow, Patrick Dean, John Galsworthy or Christopher Warner, and their willingness to defend the policy, denying that any force was being used, are still shocking. The senior Foreign Office officials seem to have been motivated above all by the desire to avoid a fuss. The policy had been decided upon and therefore should be implemented even after all British PoWs had been returned and information that many detainees were being executed was filtering back to London. Underlying this desire for a quiet life lay an even less creditable consideration. As Eden put it, 'If these men don't go to Russia, where are they to go? We don't want them here.' It was with arguments of this quality that the murder or imprisonment in concentration camps of millions of people was made possible, without the slightest effort to distinguish the innocent from the guilty.

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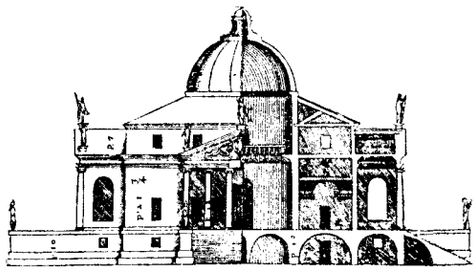

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Peter Porter

The Pisan Cage

Ezra Pound and Music edited by R. Murray Schafer *Faber* £25

In 1924, George Antheil, the 'Bad Boy of Music', wrote an article entitled 'Why a Poet Quit the Muses'. It was a puff for Pound's 'opera' after Villon, *Le Testament*, which Antheil had helped edit and orchestrate shortly after meeting Pound in Paris when the poet left London for his prolonged stay on the Continent. Antheil wrote:

> Ezra Pound . . . is a poet who wanted all his life to become a musician, and has become one in such a curious manner that his music seems to have no connection with the last three or four hundred years at all!

Antheil also noted that Pound gives us the music that knocks about in his own head, and asserted that such 'knocking-about-in-the-head' art is far more precious than all the 'intellectual purifying' in the world. *Le Testament* was performed in the Salle Pleyel in 1926, with Antheil at the keyboard, Olga Rudge playing violin and possibly Pound himself on drums. In the audience were Joyce, Hemingway, Eliot, Djuna Barnes, Virgil Thomson and probably Jean Cocteau. The BBC broadcast it in 1931 (Pound listened in an electrician's kitchen in Rapallo and claimed his setting was so natural that every word could be clearly distinguished) and again in the Sixties, prepared by R. Murray Schafer; it was given its first stage production at Menotti's Spoleto Festival in 1965. I heard the second BBC broadcast and can remember nothing about it beyond thinking that it was indeed the sort of music that all of us who would like to be composers have knocking about in our heads. Antheil's praise means only that Pound's melody (and the opera is practically continuous monody) sounds medieval, as does his rhythm. In 1931 Pound completed a second opera, *Cavalcanti*, which remains unperformed apart from some extracts given at Rapallo in 1934. A *Sujet pour violon* and a *Hommage à Froissart* are among his major instrumental pieces.

All this music will be dealt with in a further projected volume, edited by Mr Schafer. But here, to precede Pound the composer, is a 500-page compilation of reviews, articles and obiter dicta by Pound as musical theorist and critic. If I come straight out and say that Pound on harmony is threadbare and unconvincing, that his sympathy for music, while passionate, is full of lacunae and prejudices, and that his criticism is wayward, I shall be doing no more than my duty, but I must go on to add that this is one of the most continuously interesting books on music to have been published for many years. Pound had a dominating ego which distorted every art and enterprise he cared for, but no man believed in the primacy of creation over comment or mere consumption more strongly than he did, and we can cleanse our own ears by following and disputing his intense arguments and insights.

Pound had little musical training and used amanuenses to write down the melodic lines of his compositions. More limiting is his very partial acquaintance with classical music. Not surprisingly, he approached music through poetry, which meant, given the state of English poetry in the first years of the century, that he was a passionate rebel against academic formulae and the dominance of the squarer Teutonic models. When he set about restoring the paramountcy of rhythm in poetry (and I believe this to be Pound's most important work in literature), he was led to examine the nature of both rhythm and melody in music, chiefly because the Provençal poets were also musicians. Mr Schafer's book is an enormously thorough chronological progress of Pound's musical thought from his early days in London until the last years in North Italy – where his Dolmetsch clavichord stayed in his room unstrung and unplayed.

There are three main areas of interest: poetical theory as extrapolated from music; musical theory itself; and criticism of composers and concerts. The last category seems to be by far the most interesting and original. Mr Schafer would not agree – he considers Pound's article 'George Antheil and the Treatise on Harmony' and his theories of absolute rhythm and Great Bass fit to be put beside Schoenberg's and Schenker's studies. But Pound, though he has a sensible message to convey – namely that harmony is best thought of as perpendicular melody, and that each composition has an underlying pulse which carries in its surface all metrical patterning and rubato – is far too simplistic to join the heavyweight theorists. What strikes the modern reader as so admirable is his willingness to enter the lion's den and work with musicians directly, relying on no more than the strength of his own natural gift for rhythm and his discrimination with words and melodies. Pound plunged into musical theorising just as he did into economics. The results were much happier – especially in his espousing of fine and neglected composers (Purcell, William Young, Jannequin, Vivaldi), and in his concert seasons at Rapallo in the Thirties, a forerunner of such personalised events as the Aldeburgh Festival.

Yet the reader of *Ezra Pound and Music* will be disturbed time and again by terrible solecisms and perversities. It was highly original of Pound to look back to the troubadours and medieval music when he arrived in London, and it remains attractive to read a critic who regards the whole of the 19th century as an aberration; but Pound's sheer indifference to so much of the central inheritance of European music is debilitating. Reviewing the Schubert B Flat piano trio, Pound talks of 'weeping camembert'; he likens Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata to Ethelbert Nevin's works, and states that late Beethoven offers a relief from trilling, when in fact it contains the most remarkable use of the trill in all music. He is simply wrong in many of the matters

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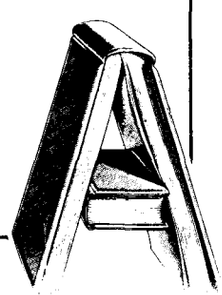

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It is quite untrue to suggest, as he does, that metrical regularity in English verse restricted English composers. It may have done so in the 19th century, but Purcell, whom Pound revered, suffered no such inhibition. Nor is it true that English poetry itself is spavined and corseted by its grid of metre – that is no more than a force field against which are set the ebb and flow of speech rhythms. Pound states that poets who are not interested in music are, or become, bad poets. What then of Tennyson – tone deaf and indifferent to music? Pound's exaggerations are surely due to the state of both English poetry and music in his London years. Academicism was rife and metre had driven out rhythm. Pound set out to reform things single-handed and if he had to be unfair to Schubert, Brahms, Handel and Elgar in the process he didn't think it a high price to pay.

What is less enjoyable is his ignorance, even when the composer is one of his favourites. A four-concert series devoted to Mozart's violin and piano sonatas given at Rapallo is advertised by Pound as the musical equivalent of Dante's *Paradiso*. The heart of Mozart is in the piano concertos and operas – Pound's remark seems quite unhelpful. His affection for Jannequin and Francesco da Milano appears to be based on just one work, the 'Chanson des oiseaux', arranged for the lute by Francesco, and further recessed into a piano and violin reduction by Gerhard Münch, one of the Rapallo musicians. He knew Dowland only in Bésard's arrangements. These are the musicians who appear in the *Cantos*, from the Italian years onward – most poignantly in the *Pisan Cantos*. Any scholar of those poems will find his feeling for them enriched by reading Pound's collected London music criticism – it was to those years trailing round the Aeolian and Wigmore Halls that Pound's mind went back in his Pisan cage. But what makes affecting poetry may not stand up as music criticism. The recurrence of certain works in Pound's writings and also in the programmes of the Rapallo concerts amounts almost to homeopathy – token grains of music taken healingly for the good of one's aesthetic health.

Pound began his music criticism with an article entitled 'Gather the limbs of Osiris' in 1912 (where he uses the phrase 'mixed media', which must be one of its first appearances in print). He also wrote appreciatively on Arnold Dolmetsch's authentic performances of old music. The heart of his critical writing on music is in his regular articles for Orage's *The New Age*, where he reviewed London concerts under the pseudonym William Atheling from 1917 to 1921. Mr Schafer reprints them in the longest section of his book, and they amount to the most entertaining collection of music reviews in English after Shaw's 'Corno di Bassetto' pieces and the *Music in London* series in the collected works. Pound is almost as witty and certainly as iconoclastic as Shaw, but his judgment is much more haphazard. He was always seeing music from a literary angle and he knew it in performance far less well than Shaw did. Pound had not spent hours howling away at the piano with the vocal score of *I Masnadieri* and the like open before him.

Pound heard a surprising quantity of

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Purcell and endured much at the hands of the Modern British School. His attitude to Ireland, Bax, Cyril Scott and their peers is sharp but fair: they did commit horrible crimes against prosody. He respected what he heard of Bernard Van Dieren, and he fulminated against the abominable habit of singing German lieder in French translation just because we happened to be at war with Germany. Some of his best reviews were written in the last year of the war, and in them one catches, if rather distantly, the tone of *Hugh Selwyn Mauberley*. He is always a fine phrase-maker, calling a Grenadier Guards Band concert 'these rites of Boadicea', describing one Italian singer's performance as 'in the gatto amoroso modality', and writing of an Arensky quintet that it 'calls up associations of marine interior decoration'. Although Mr Schafer is right to stress how important music was for Pound all his life, I cannot believe that he was either an important composer or a natural critic of the art. But he did know that not all poetry is meant to be sung, and that operatic libretti are 'singing matter, not reading matter'. He also wrote that 'music gets blobby, obnubilated, gross when people give up understanding it'. He would be good to have with us today. Meanwhile music stays embedded in his poetry, in very clear amber. He served in practice the art he loved.

Now sun rises in Ram sign.
With clack of bamboo against olive stock
We have heard the birds praising Jannequin
and the black cat's tail is exalted.

Jonathan Keates

Buried Alive

Arnold Bennett: A Last Word by FRANK SWINNERTON *Hamish Hamilton* £4.95

English culture is par excellence the art which celebrates artlessness. This victory of the simple over the sophisticated, of self-effacing modesty over thrusting allure, unites works as disparately inspired as *Love's Labour's Lost* and *Jane Eyre*: plain words and a plain governess carry the day, scattering honey-tongued Boyet and flashy Blanche Ingram in a triumph of sincerity. Ours, what is more, is the only literature to have created a substantial romance tradition based on the appeal of the drab, the humdrum and the subdued. It runs through, in a grey skein, from the *comédies larmoyantes* of *The Vicar of Wakefield* and *Cranford* to the provincial agonies of Trollope and Hardy and Gissing's rancid, teeth-gritting epics of frustration. Hope is fiercely rationed, pain endured in aching silences, and characters perpetually mocked by their author's refusal to shift his serene smile to a grimace.

As the last great exponent of the tradition, Arnold Bennett has suffered more than most from the sledgehammer of neglect. The recent, seemingly interminable telly *Clayhanger* dramatisation merely succeeded in making the books look trivial and repetitive, which they aren't, and the expected Bennett revival never took place. *Anna of the Five Towns, Riceyman Steps* and *The Old Wives' Tale*, for all their distillations of dour wisdom and sardonic narrative zest, can as yet find no acceptable niche in Eng. Lit. One of the pleasures of Frank Swinnerton's book is his surprising and, in this case, well-directed swipe at Virginia Woolf, who damned Bennett in a merciless piece of Bloomsbury chic, thereby setting the tone for the successful creation of his image as a species of pickled Victorian cast adrift in the 20th century.

That his steady stream of novels and plays and an assured position as middlebrow literary panjandrum on the *Evening Standard* should have galled Bloomsbury is understandable. Proficient and professional he was, his unrelenting application to hard work rooted in the mixture of ambition and drudgery which coloured his Staffordshire childhood. Swinnerton, lounging on the deck of a yacht and taxed with not writing or reading by the outraged novelist, was finally condemned as 'idle', for the hyper-productive Bennett a cardinal sin. The title of one of his later books, however, *Buried Alive*, seems to encapsulate the dilemma of this shy, stammering, deliberate creature, gradually retreating into the sort of worthy respectability he had pilloried in *The Card* – Bennett the clubman, the friend of Churchill and Beaverbrook, *Tailor & Cutter*'s best-dressed man of 1921, skipper of the *Marie Marguerite*, generous to a fault, banker of indigent authors and shabby relations, modest, friendly, gentle, persevering, and horribly and unpardonably successful.

The present book is therefore valuable not only for having been written by one of his closest friends but for its reconstruction of an inner life which Bennett never sought to parade in his work. With a delightfully unashamed and sometimes passionate partiality, Swinnerton anatomises Bennett's fatal marriage to his mistress Marguerite Soulié, a handsome Frenchwoman with that disastrous penchant of writers' wives for luxuriating too freely in their husbands' success. Dorothy Cheston, mother of Bennett's daughter Virginia, fares still worse: 'She has the physique and determination of a mountain-climber and the rapid talkativeness of a chatterbox.' Humourless, predatory and quarrelsome, she sought to be not only her husband's manager but his muse as well.

In many respects *Arnold Bennett: A Last Word* defies review. Its author, now 94, published *Nocturne*, his most enduringly brilliant novel, in 1917, and is able to recall, vividly and without nostalgia, a Chesterbelloc world of tweedy essayists and orotund, contentious magazine articles which has all vanished with an extraordinary abruptness. This is not a biography and lacks consistency as a memoir. Given the fact that Bennett is, to use a favourite Leavisite cliché, 'not rooted in central concerns' and that cultural speed-readers, zooming through *Mrs Dalloway, Howard's End* and *The Rainbow*, are bound to give him a miss, it was brave of Swinnerton to presume that anybody would be interested in a last word

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on Arnold Bennett when there have been so few first ones. Contributing to T. P. O'Connor's working-men's education scheme, Bennett once wrote a pamphlet called 'Literary Taste; how to form it': touched with something of its subject's quiet good sense, Swinnerton's sketch persuades us that a literary taste is ill-formed and parochial which fails to acknowledge Bennett's unique gifts.

R. W. Johnson

Under Every Bed

Strategy of Survival by BRIAN CROZIER
Temple Smith £5.50

Brian Crozier is Director of the Institute for the Study of Conflict, the non-partisan research body which recently gave us the Gould Report. It is nice to be able to write that Professor Gould will surely approve of the Director's book. Though clearly written at speed, it is a model of intellectual clarity and rigour in its exposure of the whole range of subversive threats under which we presently labour. Mr Crozier, unfooled by the absence of any actual battles between us and the Russians, has unmasked the greater truth that World War III has already started. Indeed, in a way it's rather old hat: it broke out as long ago as 1944. It has been a long period of retreat, due partly to the 'sickness of the West' and partly to the work of internal subversives.

These subversives are, literally, everywhere. Mr Crozier provides us thoughtfully with maps to guide us as to where 'continuing revolutionary pressures' exist. From these one can see that not only are South Africa and Argentina under threat, but so too are Sweden, Britain, Australia, West Germany and the USA (to name only a few). Worse still, as other maps show, Libya, Somalia, Afghanistan, Bangla Desh and India have all already become Soviet client states. The power of truth to shock should never be underestimated, of course, but even fairly hardened truth-seekers may reel before the further revelations spread before us by the Director.

Who, hitherto, has been able to tell us, as Mr Crozier does, that the international terrorist, Carlos, is 'a conscious agent of the KGB'? that over a third of the SPD deputies in Bonn are Marxists? that only Watergate prevented Nixon from selling us all out via 'an irreversible improvement in US-Soviet relations'? that Harold Wilson was prevented from exposing the full horror of the Trotskyite takeover of the Labour Party only by the fact that such elements were already powerful enough to stifle him? that the City of London is, direly, fulfilling Lenin's prescriptions by refusing its full-hearted support to the 'anti-Communist Thatcher Conservatives'? or that, as part of his PR for 'Operation Détente', Brezhnev actually 'allowed himself to be picked off the ground by the giant American film-

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actor, Chuck Connors'? Until now many of us had been fooled by photographs depicting Connors as a diminutive tennis star receiving trophies from the Royal Family. But, doubtless, the subversion of Wimbledon (and possibly the soft underbelly of the Palace itself?) were achieved long ago. For if one thing is clear from Mr Crozier's book it is that no one, no one at all, can be trusted. With a magisterial sadness the Director is forced to confess that even Henry Kissinger caused him 'shock and incredulity' through his 'explicit fear of a shooting war'.

All of this makes for depressing, even frightening reading. Things are, moreover, coming to a head pretty soon:

> And now time has run out. Unless the West reacts *now*, meaning before 1980, the chances are that the tide of retreat will be irreversible. And yet *the point of no return has not yet been reached.* If we act now, in the short time span we have left, we can turn the tide back and win.

His italics. True, there is a great deal to be done in the 21 months ahead, so much, indeed, that we may have to cut quite a few democratic corners to get there in time. But we will not be quite alone: we can place our trust in Franz-Joseph Strauss, Jacques Chirac, Paul Johnson, Mrs Thatcher, the CIA and Bernard Levin, for all of whom the Director feels a warm glow of approval.

But what to do? It is with relief that one comes to the Director's clear and astringent conclusions. We must form ourselves into a tight Nato club with hugely increased defence spending; we must harness all the Nato intelligence services for external and internal use ('What is needed is a central, computerised bank of intelligence and relevant background on enemy agents and the "internal enemy", with individual biographies, notes on techniques etc.'); we must expand our counter-terrorism programme by training squads of 'guerrilla warfare specialists in interrogation techniques'; send armed guerrillas into neutral and Communist states; scrap détente and the UN; tap more phones; outlaw most strikes; institute loyalty oaths; stop all East-West trade; and screen all those who have gone on holiday to any communist country. The Director is aware that this will mean depriving us of virtually all civil rights but, Great Helmsman that he is, sees clearly that 'the alternative is slavery'. It is difficult to recommend this book highly enough. Everyone ought to buy it – before it is too late.

Among this week's contributors:

GORE VIDAL's new novel, *Kalki*, will be published next month by Heinemann.

ANTONY POLONSKY is a lecturer in International History at the LSE. He has written several books on Eastern Europe and is at present working on a history of the Polish government-in-exile.

LEONARD SCHAPIRO is a Fellow of the British Academy and the author of a number of books on Soviet and 19th-century Russian history. His biography of Turgenev will appear later this year.

MARTIN WALKER's *The National Front* was published last year by Fontana.

Valentine Cunningham

Golem Heights

The Provocateur by RENE-VICTOR PILHES *Marion Boyars* £4.95

No Mama No by VERITY BARGATE *Cape* £3.50

A Patriot for Hire by ANDREW SINCLAIR *Michael Joseph* £4.50

The Jewish legend of the Golem, the creature of clay that was made to save its people and became a terrifying automaton that panicked a city, is fearfully attractive to us. The basic horror movie, father of *Frankenstein*, made and remade as a film at least four times, it spells out the tendency of our creativity – Adam's own adams – monstrously to rebound upon us. And indeed René-Victor Pilhes grippingly reworks the Golem story as a myth of capitalism's monstrosities. With astoundingly robust stretches of a deft and allusive imagination, he turns the serene normality of corporation life, its outward and visible sign the steel-and-glass office block in Paris of the French affiliate of the multinational Rosserys and Mitchell, into the horror film it really is. The multinational is the Golem.

Transformation begins with the death of the marketing director, the appearance on everyone's desk of imprecatory protocols sending up the wisdom of the managing director, and a crack in the building's cellarage. Hysteria fuelled by more imprecations (the novel's French title is *L'Imprécateur*) quickly brings out the theatrical worst in the executives. They plot, becloaked and numbered, in the Goulim tavern. At a mysteriously staged wake for the dead director the firm's Great Hall becomes reminiscently Hollywood with its candlelit catafalque. The company's top men, Americans and all, end up groping ghoulishly in the muddy catacombs beneath the building – connecting, of course, with Père Lachaise cemetery – in pursuit of the imprecator, hating and suspecting each other, stomping one another to death for promises of promotion from McGanter, the American chief.

Fantastical, blackly comic, the novel cracks capitalism – its rituals, its articles of faith in amortisation and cash flow, its self-righteousnesses and demonologies – as wide open as the building's own rift. Our narrator, for example, associate director of human relations, is promoted with instant acclaim after a speech about Satan in the midst. He must be the imprecator, McGanter assumes, if he notices the great man's eyes are less hawklike than glaucous and myopic, and asks questions like 'Why did you overthrow the president of Chile?' ('Oh! I love that! Really and truly I love that!'). 'Imprecator' meets real imprecator, in fact: 'you already have as much hatred of humanity as I, the taste for tyrannical power.' Just so, capitalist myth and ritual are undermined by contact with literary myth and ritual (how like Günter Grass at his best are Pilhes's incantatory annihilations by

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repetition: 'Rosserys and Mitchell-France, affiliate of the giant American and multinational company whose Paris Office building of glass and steel . . .'). In short, it's the power of texts – those curiously unheated protocols, this novel itself, the inflaming notion that the marketing director might have read *War and Peace*, the recognition that corporatism is a man-made fiction and so rewritable – that will bring capitalism down. Kafka, then, for capitalists; subversion by scorn: certainly *The Provocateur* makes the best anti-money novel to appear for years.

No Mama No is perturbing too, but much less agreeably so. Literary allusiveness of the horror-movie sort does spread a novel's agonies, dunking them comfortably in tradition. By contrast, Verity Bargate's narrator, just delivered of a second son, goes in for reading Virginia Woolf, the rebarbative cutting-itself-to-the-bone tradition. There's little consolation to be had thereabouts and, fittingly, Jodie is a picture of hatred. She hates the hospital sister ('I was a statistic that might help her career'). She hates the 'Heath Robertson contraption called a maternity bra'. She hates her husband: he leads at Scrabble with 'female', she ripostes with 'cunt'. The shrink he compels her to visit is another four-letter word. She despises her own flesh, the saggy breasts to come 'at the end of my two-babies-in-two-years contribution to my femaleness'. Above all, she wishes her sons were daughters so they could wear fetching Victorian dresses like the ones she hoards in the suitcase she clutches in bed.

And that would be that, really, the novel just a sad and saddening mess of female complaints, the dead-end of discontent. In the lavatory on the train to Brighton and an old friend, she metamorphoses her boys into little girls. 'No mama, mama no,' one feelingly whimpers. The charade can't, of course, go on, and after several trips Jodie's transvestite-hating husband stands waiting at the station with psychologist and ambulance. Fantasy meets, so to say, its Waterloo. The trouble is that Verity Bargate disapproves. 'If she's a loony I'm a fairy,' we hear an ambulance man asseverating. Doubtless an expert medical opinion. But the case for approving Jodie's essay in transvestism (and approval seems to be invited), energised though it be by antagonisms so briskly multiplied, needs better backing than that, or than this novel anywhere provides.

A Patriot for Hire operates in the fashionably murky spy-story world of obscured loyalties and overlapping paymasters, but it doesn't care much for leaving you guessing right past the end, Deighton-style. Patrick, involved, in the greying Britain of 1979, with all parties (male and female) in the visit of an old Russian killer from the Katyn Forest, yearns to rediscover the heroic simplicities of 1940. He succeeds too, and so do we. Russians, trade unionists and cutting our armies are, we learn, bad. Norwegian newspapermen fighting information's closed-shops are much better. The Polish royalists Patrick eventually sides with are best of all. Damaging the enemy by resorts to simplicity like pushing bottles in Soviet chops is much relished, even if it's not made too relishable.

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Selected Spring and Summer Books

The books listed below are a selection from those which publishers hope to issue between now and mid-September. Titles announced in earlier lists which are now due in this period are not included. Some prices are provisional, some are not yet known.

Art, Architecture and Design

ANITA BROOKNER David *Phaidon* £20
PETER COLLYMORE The Work of Ralph Erskine *Architectural Press* £15
ERIC DE MARÉ The Victorian Wood-Block Illustrators *Gordon Fraser* £15
MARK GIROUARD Life in the English Country House: A Social and Architectural History *Yale* £9.95
BARBARA JONES The New Unsophisticated Arts *Astragal Books* £8.95
MEYER SCHAPIRO Modern Art *Chatto* £25
ROY STRONG Recreating the Past: British History and the Victorian Painter *Thames & Hudson* £6.95
HILARY TAYLOR James McNeill Whistler *Studio Vista* £12

Autobiography and Letters

VLADIMIR BUKOVSKY Memoirs *Deutsch*
WILLY BRANDT People and Politics *Collins* £6.95
LORD BYRON Born for Opposition: Letters and Journals Vol. 8, 1821, ed. Leslie A. Marchand *Murray* £7.50
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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Martin Walker

Magazines: From the Ghetto

Spearhead is not the official organ of the National Front. That dubious honour belongs to a tabloid paper called *National Front News*. But *Spearhead* has been for the past ten years, and remains today, the outstanding organ of the British Right. It is owned by John Tyndall; he has recently surrendered the editorship to Richard Verrall, who claims, in the absence of much competition, to be the National Front's intellectual. Tyndall, however, still writes for the magazine and acts as a kind of remote editor-in-chief.

The title 'Spearhead' is a hallowed one for veterans of the British Nazi movement. It was formed, as a special squad of mobile militants, by Colin Jordan's National Socialist Movement in 1962. The squad, commanded by the keen young Nazi recruit John Tyndall, would take the Nazi message to provincial cities like Leeds and Manchester, and they reckoned themselves as the stormtroopers who would protect Jordan's rallies from attack by Jewish groups and the Far Left. 'At least it got Tyndall out of the way at weekends' is how Jordan remembers Spearhead now.

After a riotous Nazi rally in Trafalgar Square in July 1962, and subsequent police raids on his base in Princedale Road, Notting Hill, Jordan went for trial at the Old Bailey, and Tyndall was tried with him as an organiser of a para-military group – complete with uniforms – in breach of the Public Order Act of 1936, which had been enacted after the battle of Cable Street of that year. Tyndall was sentenced to three months (after successfully objecting to the presence of a black man on the jury) in a trial which made great play with one NSM document about the Spearhead group. It read: 'The Spearhead man steps forward and marches on as the Stormtroopers of the National Socialist revolution in Germany in 1930.' Nazi solidarity did not survive their days in prison. Tyndall broke away from Jordan, while claiming still to lead the genuine, unadulterated British Nazi party. In August 1964 Tyndall published his first *Spearhead* magazine, as the organ of his Greater Britain Movement; he had about 80 members at this time, and its newspaper format offered six pages for sixpence. It carried advertisements for Swastika badges (only five shillings); oil portraits of Adolf Hitler to order; four photo portraits of Adolf – only five bob. The front-page splash headline read 'Global Race War Looms Nearer', and the young Martin Webster was writing a column entitled 'Gleanings from the Ghetto'. It promised that Britain would soon suffer 'the fate of all those who are foolhardy enough to trust the Jews. The price of this experience will be annihilation'.

The second issue shifted to magazine style, with an imaginative front cover containing portraits of Gollancz, Zuckerman, Maxwell, Wolfson, Bernstein and Cohen, with the headline 'Who Controls Harold Wilson?' There was no attempt to conceal the Hitler-worship and the anti-Semitism. Issue four contained a feature called 'Quotes from the Textbook', which contained such gems from the old master as 'The Nationalism of our masses will succeed only when, aside from all the positive struggle for the soul of our people, their international poisoners are exterminated.' *Spearhead* gave chapter and verse – *Mein Kampf*, Vol. 1, Chapter 12. Martin Webster's 'Ghetto' column carried an informative sub-headline – 'We are not anti-semitic; we are anti-Jewish.' The boys were learning. By April 1965, Tyndall had borrowed a layout technique from *Private Eye*, with a photo of a prosperous black man on the cover, with a bubble for his words: 'It's absolutely untrue dat Ah eats mah tenants.' But money was tight. Tyndall appealed for £120 to increase the magazine to 12 pages, and by November *Spearhead* shrank to three duplicated pages.

Throughout 1966, as Rhodesia's declaration of UDI and Harold Wilson's re-election victory convinced the old Right that they were losing, the leaders of the British National Party, the League of Empire Loyalists and the Racial Preservation Society began a series of negotiations which were to lead to their forming a coalition – the National Front. Tyndall used *Spearhead* as his personal battering-ram to emphasise the advantages of unity, even though he knew that the embryo National Front had already resolved to exclude him and Colin Jordan. His GBM members were advised in the columns of *Spearhead* to join the NF and even after he and seven GBM members were arrested and convicted of possessing weapons in 1966, and after Tyndall was sentenced to six months for illegal possession of firearms, his *Spearhead* campaign for unity on the Right persisted. Tyndall went £750 into debt to buy new typesetting equipment, convinced that a larger audience awaited him, and in October 1967 he was welcomed back into nationalist respectability by the NF's first chairman, A. K. Chesterton.

In the last ten years *Spearhead* has become one of the most professional publications to appear from any of the parties. It now publishes 20 pages each month for 20p. The front cover is in colour. The first two pages contain the lively and topical editorials 'What We Think'. Pages 18 and 19 usually contain internal NF news, reports of marches and elections and so on. Page 17 is devoted to Martin Webster's column, which these days bears the innocuous title 'Troubleshooting'. It sometimes apes the style of investigative journalism but seems more at home hurling insults at other British right-wingers. It is written in a racy, matey style – former NF chairman John Kingsley-Read is known as 'GHD', which stands, to the initiated, for Gypsy Horse Dealer. Page 16 is for letters, with pride of place (and a £1 Nationalist Books voucher) for 'the best letter to the press on NF policy'. *The Times*, the *Accrington Observer*, the *Leicester Mercury* – wherever a NF supporter can publicise his creed, *Spearhead* is not fussy. The rest of the magazine is taken up with lengthy, thoughtful, occasionally insane articles on matters of political or racial interest. H. J. Eysenck briefly became a *Spearhead* guru after the publicity for his views on intelligence and genetics. On occasion, the articles are illustrated with comparative studies of Negro and Caucasian skull sizes.

Even poetry has a niche Andrew Fountaine, a former Conservative candidate and Norfolk squire, contributed:

> Here's to Great Britain, land of the Few –
> Where wogs are triumphant
> And Race is taboo.
> Where Bishops and Bolsheviks and buggers galore
> Ply at treason and filth
> Under licence of Law.

But pride of place is still reserved for the ideological musings of the proprietor, John Tyndall. To give him credit, he has in the past thrown open his columns to internal dissidents. There was a lively debate on 'Populism' before the National Party broke away from the NF, and articles critical of Tyndall on devolution, anti-Semitism and education have appeared. *Spearhead* is also used as a NF house magazine, with obituaries for long-serving members, appeals for funds for NF members faced with legal costs, or for NF families whose bread-winner is in prison.

Tyndall does not publicise details of circulation, just as the NF has always been reticent about its membership figures. But Richard Verrall claims that *Spearhead*'s genuine sales and subscriptions just exceed 5,000, although the vital breakthrough into the newsagents' shops and the W. H. Smiths has still to be made. There is a healthy list of overseas subscribers. Contributors to its columns are not paid, and their work automatically becomes *Spearhead* copyright. The few advertisements are usually for Nationalist books, for other right-wing publications like *Candour* and the US *Thunderbolt*, or offer rented rooms to NF sympathisers. The main distribution system is the NF branches themselves (of which there are now 174, compared to 32 in 1969), which are supposed to take 100 copies each month. Many fail to do so, and many copies pile up unsold, but the *Spearhead* print order is now getting on for 20,000. The magazine is printed by another Tyndall company called Albion Press. A Beaverbrook Empire it is not, but with control of the key magazine and the press, and with the *Spearhead* subscription list, which has been vital in publicising the Tyndall line during the NF's regular run of internal splits, Tyndall's security as NF leader is confirmed. The man is his own Dr Goebbels.

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Radio

Julian Barnes

Mr 10 Per Cent

There's something about *Stop the Week* (Radio 4) that always makes me want to go and clean my electric razor. Only by scourging yourself at the same time with some disagreeable chore requiring truculent concentration can you justify listening to this burble of tame paradoxes. It's not the chuckling camaraderie that's most irritating, or the prepared speeches (read too fast, and with pauses in the wrong places) about silent knitting-needles or left-handed golfers; rather, it's the jaunty facility with which the team fabricate 'surprising' opinions – for instance, that 'coloured lavatory paper is the most bizarre development of the 20th century'. It's not that the speakers are being insincere: merely that it never begins to matter whether or not they believe what they say.

So Milton Shulman's gruff remark last week that there are a lot of loonies among the electorate had an incursive breath of real opinion about it. Ten per cent of the population spend some time of their life in mental institutions, 'and that's a hell of a lot of loonies'. You could tell the others didn't know what to make of it. The fellow had even used that word 'loonies' on the air: were people allowed to do that? A tricky moment – smoothed away, predictably, by a query about definitions. Yet, to judge by an average week's listening, Shulman's case for 10 per cent of the population to be disenfranchised seems pretty strong. This week, there were the English businessmen in *File on 4* (Radio 4) complaining that the trouble with exporting to Japan was that 'the locals didn't speak the language'; the investors on *Checkpoint* (Radio 4) who put money into a Spanish sun-homes development called – you won't believe it – El Dorado; the Bishop of London, taking Shaw's music criticism to his desert island; plus, as usual, all the people who write, despite the wholly derisive title, to *Disgusted, Tunbridge Wells* (Radio 4).

There are, of course, ways of socialising Shulman's 10 Per Cent. One of them was called Dada. *Inventing Dada* (Radio 3) is a series of timely repeats of interviews with original Dadaists (Tzara and Soupault can be heard this Friday). The first two interviewees, Duchamp and Hüsenbeck, proved so civil that you forgot their movement was dedicated to outrage, subversion and irony. Hüsenbeck kept finding his former beliefs outflanked by his own nature: he defined Dada while maintaining that uncertainty of definition was central to it, and expounded rationally on its anti-rationalistic nature. Duchamp, an 'unfrocked Cartesian' as he called himself, showed more obvious relish for the paradoxes of his art. Admittedly, he had a stolid American interviewer to toy with. 'You know, when you make only one or two ready-mades a year, you have plenty of time for something else,' he teased. It was gratifying to listen for once to an artist who had, you felt, an exact sense of his own importance. His ready-mades, he admitted, had no economic or artistic value – their merit is 'a sort of irony', a way of denying the possibility of defining art. Duchamp, as urbane and ironic as his work ('in spite of myself, I am a meticulous man') was asked about his reaction to the destruction of his *Large Glass*, the work of 12 years. No, he said, he didn't care, and his only problem was comforting the friend who told him the news.

Despair, though, was definitely the dominant tone of Peter Porter's *All He Brought Back From the Dream* (Radio 3), an 'autobiographical poem for music and three voices' (in that order). Was it, as P. J. Kavanagh suggested later the same evening in *Kaleidoscope* (Radio 4), just 'willed gloom'? To anyone recalling earlier shards of Porter autobiography ('I've wasted forty years thinking about/what to write on my gravestone. Here lies/five foot eleven, thirteen stone, brown eyes/who got his tenses wrong and his zip caught') the tone was familiar enough; no straining, just thorough, radical despair. Heard on headphones, the experience was so close to a visit to the inside of Mr Porter's skull that you kept wondering how to bail out.

Kavanagh's other comment, that the *Dream* was a sort of posh *Man of Action*, is a tackier criticism, but no fairer. First, because the biographical data made available were largely internal, rather than 'Then I joined the British Council' stuff; but, more importantly, because the relationship between the words and music was fundamentally different. In the *Dream*, the music wasn't there to be pleasant and illustrative, like the plates in a Victorian novel; it was primary. Words, for Porter, may be more specific, but they are much less powerful: there was a telling self-description of the poet in his flat – 'at the end of the corridor is an unlikely room where he earns a living bending words'. *Bending* – the image is of an artisan, wrenching and hammering away at grudging material while others work in music, the sublime medium. Set side by side, occasionally overlaid, the words were made to seem decorative, deliquescent, unreliable, the music (Haydn, Mozart, Bach, Strauss, Mahler) infinitely more solid and trustworthy.

But then Porter once wrote that a Mozart sonata was more real to him than a Brisbane tram. It's not just that music is powerfully evocative, that, once absorbed, it is stronger than the memory of events ('What you've heard is Mahler's music, according to the record label . . . but it's *mine now*; I take it all inside myself, I transform it like the spider'); beyond this, music remains the holiest of the arts – time lies curled up inside it. Porter evoked the Platonic idea of great art being *always there*, waiting to be discovered; and music, he seemed to imply, was for him an attenuated remnant of God – a metaphysical nightlight which consoles by burning on in the midst of your despair. 'While the music lasts it all makes sense' was one of the closing lines of this dense, painful and unlikely programme, which used the full skill of one art to praise another. Tape the repeat if you can (even if it is against the law); it's as important as a new book of Porter's verse, and in a stranger mode.

This English

'Harping back' appeared in the Mirror **recently; we might have printed it as an entry, but there's little point in monitoring the habitual dunces (the same applies to your snippets from the** Long Crendon Minuteman **and the like). The emphasis is on straight misuses this week: a semi-homophone, a dud suffix and a portmanteau. £3 token for the first entry, £2 for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.**

☐ Although she can speak good English her prospects in the colony are not good. The only alternative to the crowded attic would be to flaunt the strict conventions of Chinese life and rent a separate room – if one was available. **Derek Brown** and **Malcolm Pithers** *Guardian* (Mrs G. Cohn)

☐ Regretfully, the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, supported by Merlyn Rees, was right to ban yesterday's march in Ilford. **Leader** *Observer* (Stephen Mullin)

☐ In the degree to which the main political parties now betray their panic that Britain has a colour problem growing more irresoluble with the passage of time . . . **David Wood** *The Times* (Michael McEvoy)

Greater London Arts Association

VISUAL ARTS AWARDS SCHEME 1978-79

The Greater London Arts Association is offering a total of £18,500 in awards of £500 and £1,000 to visual artists living in Greater London and working in any of the following media: painting, sculpture, printmaking, photography, artists film and video, extended media.
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Theatre

Jeremy Treglown

Etc.

Deeds *Nottingham Playhouse*
The Boston Strangler *Roundhouse Downstairs*
Twelfth Night *Young Vic*

'Middle-class preaching play' was the crisp verdict of the Nottingham man behind me at the end of *Deeds,* and there had certainly been a shaggy dog-collar element about it. Taking as their text 'What woman is there of you, whom if her child ask breast, will she give him a bottle?' the Rev. H. Brenton and Canon T. Griffiths were joined by Preb. D. Hare and the mad sacristan, Rev. K. Campbell, in an attempt to break the record some of them helped to establish (as members of the team of seven who wrote *Lay-By* in 1971) for the largest number of vicars to pile themselves into the same pulpit – a ploy that is the outward and visible sign of the inward, thematic overcrowdedness of the piece itself.

The plot follows the journeyings of the innocent Ken Deed (=Candide) in a wicked world, seeking a remedy for the cot-death of his only child. The mother, Mary, has disappeared. The first scenes are handkerchief-depredating stuff, and Brenton and Griffiths play off excruciatingly well the tragic incomprehensibility of the death against the resultant comic inability of the consultant to explain it. 'Cot deaths', he tells Ken sympathetically, 'are deaths which occur in children, in cots.' Brenton, who I guess was mainly responsible for these scenes, knows about parenthood and in *Epsom Downs* put it on stage in all its low-key confusion and sympathy. But he has also often fallen for its hefty symbolic possibilities. There is another Mary in *Magnificence,* whose miscarriage underlines the already clear message about what happens to the political gesture she and the other squatters in the play try to make; and a similarly groaning tie-up occurs in *Deeds* when a sergeant at the House of Commons says something about the Mother of Parliaments having 'the world at her breast'.

There are two things wrong here. The first is that it's a very confused line. The play is about a major social evil: the commercial exploitation, particularly in the third world, of kinds of powdered milk which, over-richly made up, may help cause fatal hypercalcaemia. (Or so the play says. Doctors say what they cause is hyper*natr*aemia.) Among other things, of course, this is an argument for breast-feeding. So where does the mammalian British parliament fit in? As a good thing, presumably. But no. The Revs say it is a bad thing. In the play, the House of Commons entrance hall is jammed with prostitutes, its most conscientious members can't cope with their crushingly multifarious responsibilities, one of its female ministers exploits the third world by having her baby fed by a black wet-nurse, etc. And it's the *etc.* that is the other thing wrong. The authors (like Ken's own MP) are so burdened with their sense of the wickedness all round them that they can't focus on any particular example. Police corruption, unemployment, racial violence, every obvious and conceivable cause is taken up, and as a result the impressive strength of the beginning is dissipated. Ken trails through the play from evil to evil in his red anorak, trying in his Ibsenite way to learn to 'climb'. In the end he meets up again with the sadly under-written Mary, now eight months pregnant (by *Ken,* the vicars are quick to explain), and they go off home to set up a human version of the bricks-and-barbed-wire cot they have built on stage.

As a symbol this cot is another lead weight. As a piece of visual stage business it is one of several coups pulled off with the help of John Gunter's vividly detailed designs. The old fringe have always had an exceptional eye for stage effect – one thinks of Gethin Price's mime in *Comedians,* or the Moscow scene in *Weapons of Happiness* – and Brenton especially has often thought up good visuals that manage to be thematically enriching without becoming over-explanatory. One of his early plays, *Christie in Love,* is set in a wire-netting enclosure full of torn-up newspaper – a kind of caged rubbish-heap in which all the action occurs: the multi-murderer's crimes, the police digging up the body, interrogation scenes, and the final lynching of Christie. The effect helps Brenton to say much more about Christie and his mental world, as well as about capital punishment, than the mere documentary facts would let in. It's an exceptionally powerful, unsettling, funny short play, and it's a pity that – on the evidence of his latest piece – Mike Stott hasn't seen it.

The Boston Strangler is in fact one of the best arguments I've come across for bringing *back* lynching, preferably after fairly prolonged bouts of cabbage-throwing and verbal abuse, for offences like boring writing. What happens is that the strangler comes in, strangles someone (always Jackie Skarvellis), does some other unpleasant things to her and goes out again. Then he speaks some of Albert DeSalvo's own words to us. John Cunningham performs all this fairly grippingly, but he has to do it – what? – two dozen times? five dozen? fifteen-and-a-half thousand? with hardly any variation. It must have been unbelievably tedious to write. It is certainly unbelievably tedious to sit through, though not many people actually did sit through it when I was there; they either left in the middle or, more sensibly, didn't come in the first place.

It had never occurred to me that Scotsmen were particularly sexy until I discovered that Auden, Isherwood and co. used to spend a lot of time just before the war in Dover, which was full of them. Plomer wrote enthusiastically about the 'frou-frou' of the kilts as crowds of brawny Scots guardsmen minced along the front, and it may be this kind of thing Nancy Meckler is getting at in her highland version of *Twelfth Night.* It doesn't work – partly because the characters who might be helped by it (e.g. Antonio) aren't put in kilts, partly because Malvolio's cross-gartering would surely be thought fetching, rather than ridiculous, north of the border, and partly because – whatever the rewards of making Malvolio as prissily Morningside as Miss Jean Brodie – the remorseless Scottish accents are so stagey. 'Note tae be abayd efterr mudnayt is tae be up butayms,' growls Bernard Hill's Sir Toby: see what I mean?

Films

John Coleman

Where we Dream

Close Encounters of the Third Kind (A) *Odeon, Leicester Square*
Skateboard (A) *Ritz*

I should like to correct some of the wild talk that has been flying aound. The moon is not made of green cheese and Steven Spielberg only *was* a child prodigy: he is now 30 and a quarter. Nor is it true that we gentlemen of the press had to walk between guards armed with flame-throwers when we were accorded a chance to see his latest film recently. A few suspicious bulges at the hip and Dame Rumour has a field day. I hope that sets the record straight.

Forgive the peevish banter, but there was a moment when it looked as though one was going to be reduced to reviewing the hushed publicity rather than the heralded product. As it is, minds can be at ease, though it is quite a good idea to bring them along. *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* is not to be compared with *2001: A Space Odyssey* or *Star Wars*: it is *sui generis*, the first time in my experience of these occasions that Things from Out There have been brought beautifully home, to roost in the memory. Here I must make a distinction. It is the skating, throbbing hardware that most got to me (providing those first two kinds of encounter: sighting them and seeing physical evidence of their passage afterwards) and not the audacious and sad-gracious introduction of aliens in the finale, the last encounters of the title. Spielberg very evidently wants to keep a shot in his locker. To cries of 'Chicken', I'll conveniently resist the temptation to describe his creatures further.

The 135-minute film is a masterpiece of pacing. It starts off by showing a series of incidents, fascinating, even comic, in themselves, while withholding their immediate relevance one to another. In Sonora Desert, Mexico, a squadron of naval Grumman Avengers, reported missing in 1945, is discovered during a raging sandstorm: no trace of the pilots. Lacombe, a French scientist with a beady eye on space (done with calm, commanding passion by François Truffaut), is present. Air Traffic Centre in Indianapolis registers near-misses by UFOs on patrolling planes. In Muncie, Indiana, a four-year-old boy wakes merrily as his record-player spins into action, toy cars whiz about, a stuffed donkey bangs cymbals together, coke cans spontaneously open, a fridge spills its contents. Then, a power failure and lights

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go out all over the township. The screen constantly catches a wonderfully expansive use of landscape, cloudscape, the broad, overarching sky at night, pricked with thousands of stars. At the power station, Roy Neary (Richard Dreyfuss, excellent as a manic, baffled, possessed Everyman) is sent off to scout. He is to become the ordinary, extraordinary human focus for us: this is the beginning of a quest that will end out of this world.

The kid's artist mother, Jillian (bruised-faced Melinda Dillon), goes looking for her strayed son in the night woods. On the road, Roy sees car lights behind him suddenly sail overhead; then all systems fail in his truck. Mail-boxes shake eerily, there is a super-bright glare, continuous thunder, a rain of objects, and – suddenly a swooping saucer-like UFO. All systems go again, he nearly runs down the strayed toddler, a whistling man saves him, lunatically confiding: 'They can fly rings round the moon, but we're years ahead of them on the highways.' Roy returns home, with half his face sunburnt and his perplexed gaze all the while settling on odd items: the crumpled corner of a pillow, a squashed blob of shaving foam.

More unavailing clues: Lacombe turns up at a huge rally of yellow and white-garbed Indians in Dharmasala, loudly chanting. 'Where did these sounds come from?' and thousands of fingers point heavenwards. Cut to applauding scientific delegates and Lacombe presenting recordings of the chant, together with a Kodály system of sound-gestures. Events pile up. At the Goldstone Radio Telescope, Lacombe and his cartographer-interpreter stumble on a notion of interpreting numerical combinations of the sounds as earth co-ordinates, spotting an area in Wyoming. Back in Muncie, Jillian's house is under attack by UFOs: everything jiggling and working frantically, screws unscrewing themselves, her kid disappearing through a ventilator. Outside, an immense mass of shifting cloud menaces. In the funniest sustained sequence, Roy frantically begins chucking uprooted plants, bricks, the next door lady's wire fencing from round her ducks, piles of garbage, through an open window. Inside his home, a great model of a flat-topped mountain takes form. His neighbours, after a stunned few minutes, politely resume their lawn-mowing.

On TV, Roy's 'mountain' abruptly appears, the original. Jillian has sketched it and sees it too. Moorcroft, Wyoming, indeed the whole state, has been declared under martial law, to be evacuated because of a leak of nerve gas. Roy and the distraught mother somehow make it to Moorcroft, under wild compulsion. The gas is a blind. On the other side of that mountain is a vast floodlit arena, hundreds of workmen and scientists including the ubiquitous Lacombe, a great console playing the discovered five notes on a Moog synthesiser. The saucerish UFOs return, then zoom off. Smaller flying machines of various kinds start bucketing about, before making away. Then It comes, a quarter of a mile wide, a staggering wedding-cake of a mother-ship, its underside ablaze with orange and blue lights, to engage with increasing fervour in a musical dialogue, organ and horns, with the console. The timing and remarkable juggling with our sense of scale are awe-inspiring. A slanted shelf lets down and, slowly, those lost naval pilots emerge ('This way to debriefing': one longs to be there); the toddling boy; more and more humans believed gone for ever. The rest shall stay Spielberg's secret for now.

The people and their contexts are everywhere convincing but inevitably give ground to the fantastic special effects, for which many deserve credit but chiefly Douglas Trumbull of *2001* and *Silent Running*. They are seamless. Our nocturnal fears of a filled, blocked-out sky are played on with diabolical cunning: we are hit where we dream. When one sees $18m. spent as devastatingly well as this, one wonders how the hell some of our home independents manage to squander as much as £10,000 on their dwarfish acts of onanism. This is Spielberg's fourth film, his fourth good film, and – whatever the *auteur*-shouters claim – his fourth *different* film.

Back to a thoroughly down-to-earth fad, and George Gage's *Skateboard*, which has that plump ingratiator, Allen Garfield (wish I warmed to his rumpled, huggy ad-lib style more), trying to work off a large debt to his unamused bookie by forming a group of kids ranging from 10 to 18 into the L.A. Wheels for the money. His star quits, Garfield softens a bit, the gang win the big one. The second, awful *Bad News Bears* was fun to this. A nice couple of song-lines – 'My heart is just a re-tread in that tire-sale called life' – and a lot of skateboarding, which is too much for me. A drizzly, probably blown-up print compounds the felony.

Hugo Williams

Confessions of a Drifter

I used to sell perfume in the five towns.
I was popular in the saloons.
Professional women slept in my trailer.
Young salesgirls broke my heart. For
ten years
I never went near our Main Office.

From shop to shop
And then from door to door I went
In a slowly diminishing circle
of enchantment
With *Soir de Paris* and *Flower of*
the Orient.
I used up all my good luck
Wetting the wrists of teenagers in bars
With *English Rose* and *Aphrodisiac*
From giveaway dispensers.

From house to house
And then from bar to bar of course,
I would park my trailer outside the door
So I could find it when I walked out
of there,
Throwing back my shoulders at the night –
a hero
To myself.

They knock on my window this
morning. Too late
I wake out of my salesman's paradise,
The sperm drying on my thigh
And nothing but the name of a drifter in
the five towns.

Television

Russell Davies

Making Facias

Racing down-market even faster than I feared, The King's Singers landed up in *Stars on Sunday* (Yorkshire) this week. Miming 'Were you there when they crucified my Lord?' with many startlingly rubberised facial signals of passion and strickenness, they stood about on the forecourt of some combination dacha and cricket pavilion. The real stars on this programme are of course the sets, wonderful evocations of a mock-antique baronial or plantational style that somehow never was. Neo-classical cardboard facias, coated with Bergers pastels, are *de rigueur*, and there is also a telling insistence on tasselled lampshades and objects which I can only describe as onyx-knacks. There is something sinister in the posed-ness of all the horrible clutter, as though a host of Asti Spumante bottles and streamers and tired balloons had only just been cleared up, after some wildly unseemly party, in time for the show to go on the air.

Sunday's acts were too memorable to go unrecorded on their own account, however. Harry Secombe, his arms folded across as much of his belly as he could reach, sang 'Feed me till I want no more'. The Lord had already obliged, one felt. Phyllis Calvert, obviously the lady Noele Gordon has been trying to look like all these years, read something devotional, and Valerie Monese, in a hairstyle from the Yvonne de Carlo era, sang 'I'll walk beside you', failing to disguise the undertones of threat in this theme. Then suddenly it was the Archbishop of Canterbury, with a little homily in the series he is apparently pleased to call 'To Set You Thinking'. 'If we are deaf,' he mused, 'we must not think that God is dumb.' If we switched on our TV and nothing happened, we did not assume, did we, that the entire BBC and ITV had closed down? No, no, there was something wrong with the set. Abandoning, too late, this long flirtation with disastrous metaphor, the Bish finally came clean: 'I'm not very wise myself,' he ruefully admitted. But his very presence there, amid the celestial Waring and Gillow, had already proclaimed the fact.

The British Leyland ad that punctuates proceedings like these is well worth looking out for. A boxing-gloved hand is seen punishing a punchbag marked with the Leyland logo, and Raymond Baxter, hooray salesman for anything with an engine in it, comes on to explain why we should not bash the company in this way. Sensing that Raymond's jovial endorsement scarcely suffices, the scenario then brings in Freddie Laker,

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the people's friend, to insist that Leyland is vital to British industry. This must be the first time in the history of TV advertising that a company has passed up the chance positively to promote its wares in order to plead abjectly against the defamation of its own character.

The BBC, meanwhile, is working up its own exercises in vapid salesmanship, notably *Saturday Night at the Mill* (BBC-1), the late-evening filler from Birmingham during the Parkinson close season. Here the Asti Spumante party seems actually to be in progress on the screen. Presenters Bob Langley and Tony Lewis both dress in black tie, and ogle the camera with fatuously flushed visages. Langley enjoys meeting famous people so much it hurts. It hurt me, anyway, when he prefaced a gushing introduction to Britt Ekland with 'Last week I told Andy Williams his list of credits was beginning to look like the Gettysburg address.' Can you imagine being able to bear remembering a remark of that kind, let alone repeating it on the air a week later?

The hit of the programme, apart from John Snagge (who did his 'I may have been the voice of authority but I'm really a bit of an old rogue' number), was the German organist Klaus Wunderlich. He seemingly dislikes playing in public, preferring to stay at home and add to the appalling number of electronic effects and tones his instrument can run to. This wariness of the public eye doubtless accounts for Wunderlich's extraordinarily miscalculated nonchalance at the keyboard – looking abstractedly at the ceiling, stentatiously scratching his beard, and making 'Isn't this *boring*?' faces at the viewer (who by this time is only too happy to agree). At the end of his performance, Wunderlich declined to accept the rapturous applause of the Brummy revellers, diverting it gesturally on to The Organ itself. At which point, Raymond Baxter should have come on and taken the thing to bits. Not necessarily with care.

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Drama is going through an interestingly turbulent time on all channels. Kerry Crabbe's Granada play on Sunday, *The Last Romantic*, fell foul (like *Stars on Sunday*) of its own set: I have yet to see a convincing windmill-interior created on TV – maybe because the circularity of the space plays hell with one's sense of the angles, maybe because one is simply not familiar enough with the insides of windmills to feel at home in them. Nobody in the play, mind you, felt at home in this windmill either. Even André Morell, as a mad old brigadier, the ruling spirit of the place, seemed driven to overplay, treating himself to many a false-teeth sneer in the Max Wall style. A pity, because the character, with his primitive political threats ('Anybody for an Outspan? *South African* sherry, anyone?'), was a highly topical nutter.

Crabbe's play rather degenerated into the kind of floridly emotional debate where people begin to say things like 'Oh *God* I hate me!' and 'What a sordid conversation!' This is just the sort of thing Dennis Potter is clearly doing his best to flee in his *Pennies from Heaven* (BBC-1); but whether he's arriving anywhere I am not at all sure. To try to connect the naïveté of old songs with something correspondingly pure in the lost life of Potter's childhood days seems to me an honourable plan, but six parts, at 80 minutes each, seems to me to be stretching things very much too far. Yet Bob Hoskins's performance seems bound to remain cherishable. He was given a worrying crisis to cope with in episode two, where Arthur got worked up enough about his loving message to go ranting on about it in an evangelistic or even Christ-like vein. The suddenly coarser language didn't disguise Potter's painful struggle with the remains of a mawkish religion. Hoskins bullocked his way past one's embarrassment, however, and survived.

Weekend Competition

No 2506 **Set by Loser Lou**

The second in our solo series of 20th-century poets: rewrite any of Blake's *Songs of Innocence and Experience* in the style of Robert Lowell; 12 lines or so by 31 March.

Result of No 2503 **Set by Fatboy**

Sports journalists have a horrible way of flaunting their familiarity with better grades of writing. We asked you to imagine things getting really out of hand.

Report **by Dee Rigeon**

A tricky Comp, this. There are two ways of going about it: either the weary-wise John Arlott method (whose favourite remark about slow bowlers is 'They toil not, neither do they spin'), or the hyperactively referential mode of Hans Keller. The winners this week were those who tickled the edge of probability; seven pounds each.

Occam's principle forbidding needless multiplication was demonstrated by yesterday's single-goal result with a clarity that defied the weather. Fair was foul and foul was fair; one was lucky to see the ball hover through the fog and filthy air. In a darkened theatre Trentham, who seemed to find his way without his eyes, showed some surgical precision, but Venuzzi in his dilemma hacked as unscientifically as a Cutler Walpole. And what's become of Waring these days? His stockings fouled and down-gyved to his ankle, he was the picture of distraction. That incorrigibly base football player Platts finally brought us from a journey without maps to the end of the affair by being booked himself. Flobody, disoriented, shot from the spot, high, wide and unhandsomely towards his own keeper. It was a simple O altitudo, but quis custodiet custodes? For Ingrams it was news from nowhere in braille – and he failed to read it.

JAMES MICHIE

. . . though it was not until the second set that Borg, as to the manner Bjorn, rarified his game into that quintessence of Ibsenism with which he regularly tests-to-destruction his opponents' ground-stroke vocabulary. Then he ransacked Nastase's defensive resources for all the world like Pastor Manders serving a series of sizzling high-top-spin teasers to Mrs Alving's notoriously dodgy moral backhand. Nor did our sure-footed and serendipitous Swede fail to snap up all manner of unconsidered trifles at the net, forcing the now unusually ruminant Rumanian back to a base-line where he proved that, though it is better to have lobbed and lost than never to have lobbed at all, the Centre Court to the defeated may say Alas but cannot help or pardon. But the lithe if now lugubrious Latin could console himself with the observation that whenas in shorts our Borgy dashes, then, then (wethinks) how swiftly flashes the liquefaction of his smashes . . .

MARTIN FAGG

A cold coming we had of it last Saturday to the waste land of West Ham; just the worst time of the year for a journey, and such a long journey too, for Manchester United. Perhaps that's why they crashed to defeat; the United acted throughout like hollow men, playing – and, so to speak, partly playing – an incredibly poor game. The home team's offensive often left the United goalkeeper prone between the uprights, like a patient etherised upon a table. He was made to look ridiculous – almost, at times, a fool (how the poor chap must have wished he'd been a pair of ragged claws scuttling across the floors of silent seas!). Then the United captain put the ball through his own goal – the last twist of the knife. Too soon the winter evening settled down and bad light stopped play. The result, a 7-0 victory for the Hammers, was (you may say) satisfactory.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

As he bestrode the ring like a Colossus the silent rhetoric of his look seemed to say 'I am the greatest beyond degree'; but what can be shown cannot be said. Over the rainbow lay gold, a deep persuading orator. But fame is the spur and in the twinkling of an eye Mr Leon Spinks aimed with relish at inner organs and cheeks and jowls. This first powerful plain manifesto foreshadowed things to come; for ten rounds, swift as lightning to the combat flies, he tripped on the light fantastic toe and dispensed leaden rain and iron hail, his gloves hovering like kestrels over scars. Ali's sad mechanic exercises and a thin red line by his mouth showed that his dancing days were done. Spinks made his points with modesty, if not ease; even-handed justice bound a laurel round his living head. In Ali's end was Spinks's beginning.

PETER ALEXANDER

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Tony Miles

Chess

No 75 **Reykjavik 1978**

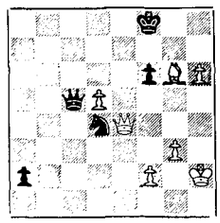
Ever since the Fischer-Spassky match of 1972 Reykjavik has had a great reputation in the chess world. Chess is one of the most popular sports in Iceland and this is clearly shown by the number of spectators at Reykjavik.

Last year the city staged the Hort-Spassky match, but the crowds were disappointed at the high number of short draws, so this year the Icelanders decided to stage a slightly experimental tournament. Instead of the usual 40 moves in 2½ hours, the time limit was 30 in 1½ hours and then 20 in 1 hour, all in one five hour session. This was designed to speed up play, cut down on the number of adjourned games, encourage fighting spirit and 'lead to a clearer contest between the two players'. In these respects it certainly succeeded. In the first ten rounds there was just one 'grandmaster draw' – between the two Icelandic teenagers! It also led to a vast number of wild time scrambles which the spectators always enjoy.

The tournament went in phases. Firstly Browne stormed into the lead with 3/3, winning his first two games from completely lost positions in time scrambles. Then he dropped back and Larsen and I took over with 5/6. Then I fell back and Larsen moved into a clear lead. With three rounds to play he was 1½ points ahead of the field. He lost his next two games and Browne overtook him. With one round to play Browne had 8½ and Larsen and I eight. I had white against Browne and Larsen, black against the Icelandic tailender Petursson. Incredibly Larsen lost again and Browne and I were left to fight for the top two prizes. I had pressure throughout but was finally forced to concede a draw and first place. My favourite game was the following brevity.

White: L. Øgaard **Black: A. J. Miles**

1. P-Q4, P-K3; 2. P-QB4, P-QN3; 3. P-Q5?! Q-R5! 4. P-K3, N-KB3; 5. P-QR3, B-N2; 6. N-KB3?! (better 6. N-QB3) **Q-R4; 7. P x P, BP x P; 8. B-K2, Q-N3; 9. N-R4, Q-R3; 10. B-B3?!** (10. N-KB3) **N-B3; 11. P-KN3, P-KN4! 12. P-K4** (or 12. N-N2, P-N5! wins; 13. B x P, N x B; 14. Q x N, N-K4 or 13. B-K2, N-K4) **N-K4; 13. B-N2, Q-N2; 14. P-B4** (the alternatives N-KB3 or B x P are no better) **P x N; 15. P x N, N-N5; 16. B-B4, 0-0-0; 17. N-B3, B-B4; 18. Q-Q2, N x KP; 19. P-QN4, P-R6! Resigns.**



Problem 75

Black to play. How should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked not later than 29 March.

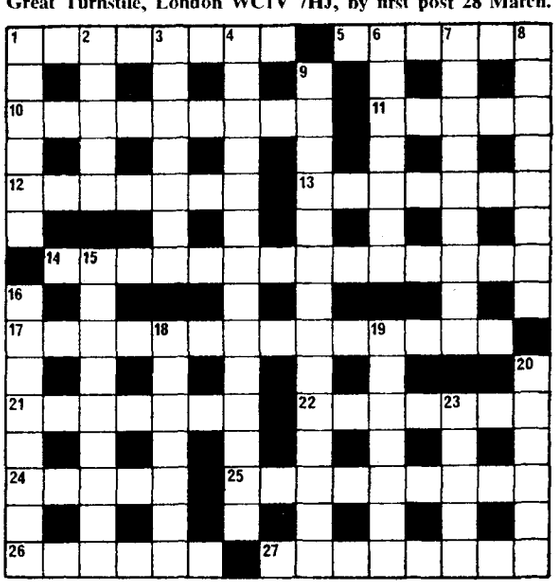
Solution to Problem 73

1. . . . N-B4! 2. B-N1 (forced: 2. B-N3, N-Q5 or 2. K-R5, N-N2ch or 2. K-R3, N-N2) N-K6ch; 3. K-B3 (or 3. K-R5, P-N5) N-B5! 4. K-N4, N-K4ch; 5. K-R5, P-N5; 6. B-R2 (otherwise K x P) P-N6; 7. B-Q5, N-B5! followed by N-K6 winning.

Christmas/December Prizewinners: Messrs Allen, Sobey, MacLean, Taylor, Sahasrabudhe, Deshmukh and Neelakantan (£6 each); Messrs Garfath and Gill (£3 each); Messrs Bradley, Kenworthy, Kwiatkowski, Chaturvedi, Brew and Figield (£2 each).

Weekend Crossword 1256

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1256, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 28 March.



ACROSS

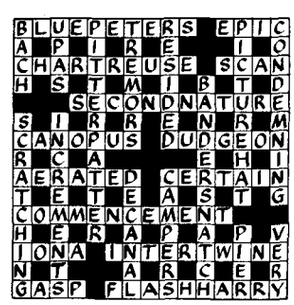
1. Bird which has to produce chicks head first (8).
5. Marie had work among the backward classes (6).
10. Study deportment for a girl (9).
11. Food for the brink (5).
12. 'Am in control' says the vessel (7).
13. A hero, I do some gardening round the front (7).
14. Extraordinary friends order the NEW STATESMAN to prepare for an evening's entertainment (5, 3, 6).
17. Forecaster who shows where hat and topper are needed (7, 7).
21. Food provided when page one is put into a cover backwards (7).
22. Shot-gun used for ducks (7).
24. Island where I am in and out of cover (5).
25. Pleased at being nimble in action (9).
26. Dignitary without expression of gratitude for senility (6).
27. They are used in the kitchen and in solving riddles (8).

DOWN

1. Most precise although ten is potentially about a hundred (6).
2. It may be past but is still exciting (5).
3. The mater is seen as a divine creature (7).
4. Players provide a headquarters for those in need of protection (14).
6. Instrument which makes a tiny fellow almost take fright (7).
7. Possibly a char is spoilt when coming into money (9).
8. Female gives birth to female animals (8).
9. Wrong learner is transformed into brilliant mathematician (6, 8).
15. Renew post by using paper on it (9).
16. Swapped for clever person caught in outhouse (8).
18. A call addressed to the sovereign is catching (7).
19. Advertised although stopped (7).
20. Like a date for soft words (6).
23. Building in which the echo tells all (5).

SETSQUARE

Solution to No 1254



Prizewinners to No 1254

D. L. Firmin (Ashtead)

Mark Freeman (London SE5)

J. R. Rose (Birmingham)

APPOINTMENTS

WEST HAMPSTEAD KIDS AT RISK PROJECT

Need a worker for a mixed group of adolescent kids based at the Winchester Youth Project in Swiss Cottage three afternoons/evenings a week. This group is one of two managed by an independent group of workers in the area and funded by the London Borough of Camden as part of a pilot intermediate treatment project. The emphasis of the project is on the provision of facilities and skills. Send sae for job description to Roger Smith, West Hampstead Law Centre, 3 Midland Parade, West End Lane, London NW6.

SENIOR PARTNER in ROBIN THOMPSON & PARTNERS (well-known trade union solicitors)

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Secretary with or without legal experience. Must have sense of humour and interest in law. Friendly office and pleasant working conditions. Two minutes from Tottenham Ct Rd Tube Station. Salary up to £3,888 + LVs. Review in August. Tel: 01-637 9761.

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Wanted for 14 August 1978

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CHRISTIAN AID seeks Administrative Assistant to work with team of four in its Greater London Regional office. Fast and accurate typing and organising ability essential; interest in Third World desirable. Apply immediately for full details to: Regional Co-ordinator, Christian Aid, Parnell House, 25 Wilton Road, London SW1, or telephone 01-828 7613.

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seeks replacement for present

ACCOUNTANT

Ideally should be qualified, or experienced in housing association finance, or both, but quick learner with relevant background might be considered. Must be able to work independently in non-hierarchical office.

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Write to: **W. Singleton, Solon Housing Association, 381 Clapham Road, London SW9 9BT.**

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Responsible as part of Housing Team for initiating and developing, or co-ordinating, our Scottish campaigns on local, national and UK issues with special emphasis on the Housing (Homeless Persons) Act and the Rent Act Review.

Experience in housing or related area essential and campaigning experience desirable. Based in Edinburgh. Minimum salary (under review) £3,084 + LVs.

Application forms from **Rosie Hall, Shelter, 6 Castle Street, Edinburgh EH2 3AT.** Closing date for completed forms: 31 March. Interviews on 6/7 April.

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Project members will be based in London, but some travelling is required. Employment will be for two years.

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Application forms and further details from: The Administrator, NCSS, 26 Bedford Square, London WC1B 3HU. Tel: 01-636 4066. Closing date: 5 April 1978.

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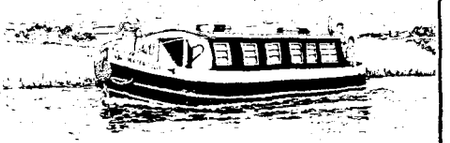

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Theatres

ALMOST FREE, 9 Rupert St, W1. 485 6224. 'The Interview' by Alan Sillitoe with a short story 'The Examination' by Harold Pinter. Sun. 2.30 & 4.30. Mon.-Thurs. 1.15.

HAMPSTEAD THEATRE. 722 9301. Mon.-Fri. 8, Sats 5 & 8. Tickets £1.25 & £1.75. James Saunders' 'urbane & perceptive' new play, E. Standard. 'Bodies' with David Burke, Dinsdale Landen, Anne Stallybrass, Gwen Watford. 'An uncommonly literate, amusing, dramatic and interesting play . . a rich and rewarding experience? S. Times.

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Meetings

TRADE POLICY CONFERENCE 18 March, 10.45 a.m. - 4.45 p.m. Chair: Michael Meacher MP. Speakers: Bill Callaghan (TUC), Vincent Cable (ODI), Frank Judd MP, Prof. Robert Nield and Peter Oppenheimer. Tickets £1 from Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street SW1. 01-930 3077.

BUDDHISM IN LONDON. Details: British Buddhist Assoc. 242 5538 (office hrs).

SERVICE CHARGES/RENT ACTS/Co-op Ownership. Private Tenants policy workshop open to reps all private tenants blocks of flats. Thurs. 6 Apr. (6.30 to 8.30) Arts Theatre Club (opp Leicester Sq. tube) WC2, and then 1st Thur. each month. Conference of Private Tenants Associations (recognised lobby). Come along or write 15 Cecil Mansions, Marius Road, SW17.

'THE WORK OF A COUNCILLOR' by Nick Adams. London Young Humanists, 13 Prince of Wales Terr., W8, Sun. 19 March 7.30 p.m. Adm. 30p.

LEFT WITHOUT MARX. Libertarian theory group making a critical study of Marx's writing. Discussion on 'The Materialist Conception of History', 7.30 p.m. 22 March, 9 Poland St. (basement), London W1. Further details: 15 Matcham Rd, London E11.

WORKERS' REVOLUTIONARY PARTY proudly presents 'The Palestinian', 157 min. documentary by Vanessa Redgrave Productions. Sun. 19 Mar., New Kensington Town Hall, Kensington High Street. Starts 6 p.m. Introduced by Vanessa Redgrave & Roy Battersby (director). Tickets £1.50 from 21b Old Town, SW4, or at door.

CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY. Audrey Diamond, Director of the Institute for Advanced Legal Studies, on 'Consumer Protection, too much of a good thing?' 22 March 7.30 p.m. 5 Tavistock Place, WC1. All welcome.

TRADE & AID — would developing countries develop quicker without our 'help'? Discussion with CIIR and Oxfam on Tuesday 21 March, 6.30. Africa Centre, 38 King St, Covent Garden, WC2.

'ZIONIST OPPRESSION of Oriental Jews (Sephardim) in Israel.' Speaker Robin Ezra (Israeli lecturer). Sunday 2 April, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. 2 p.m. London Area British Anti-Zionist Organisation (BAZO), 58 Old Brompton Rd, London SW7.

THEOSOPHY. Simple talks for inquirers: Sun. 19 Mar. 8 p.m. 'W. Q. Judge, A Great Theosophist'. S.a.e. free pamphlet, booklist. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2.

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Publications

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